Super Speed Reading

Magnum SOFTWARE

Super Speed

Super Speed Reading
BLUE MASTER
Magnum
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Super Speed Reading
GREEN PRACTICE
Magnum

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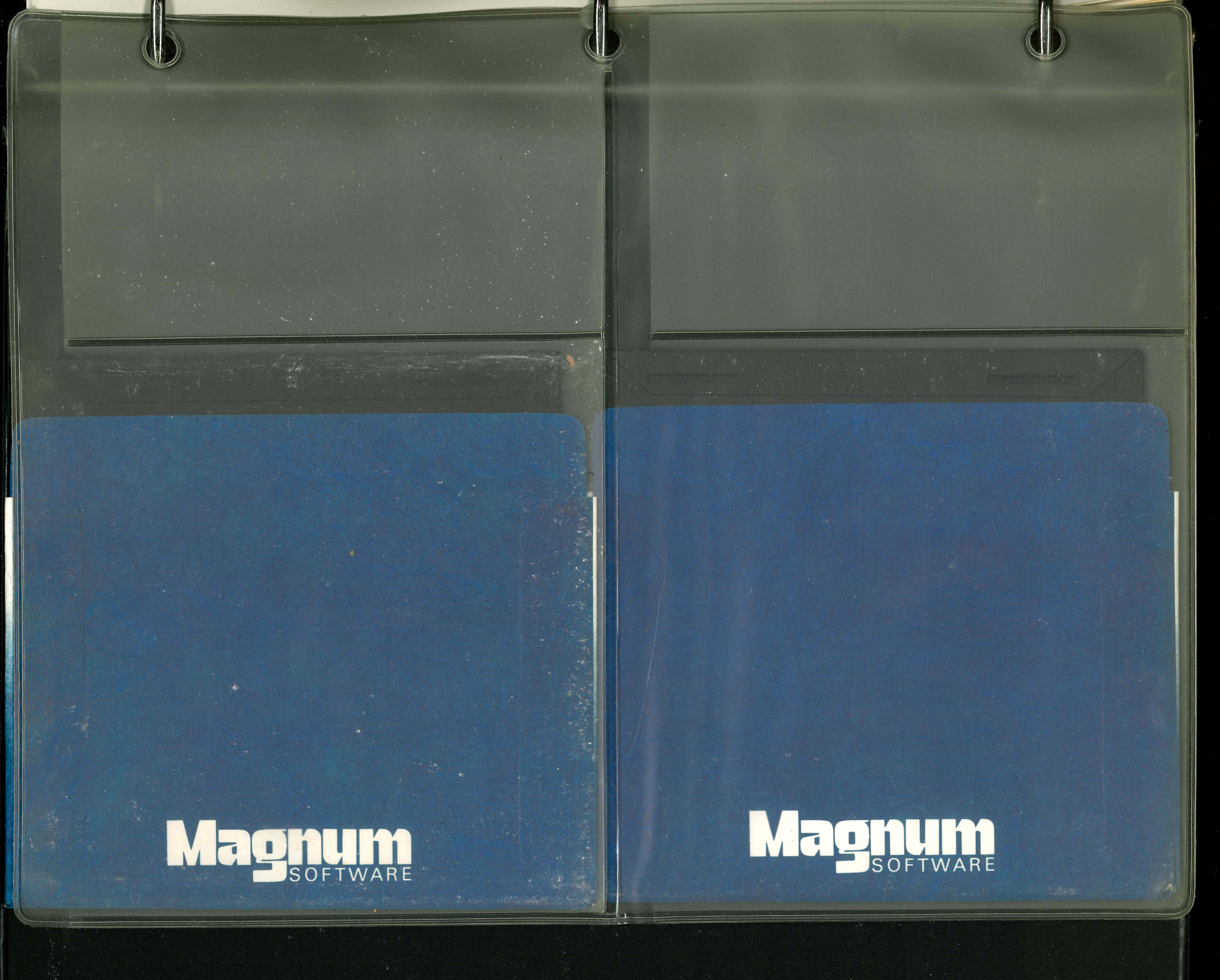
Magnum SOFTWARE

4. Timed Reading
3. Recording Progress
2. First techniques
1. Intro. to
Blue Disk
Introduction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A Tribute

Usually "a program is a program is a program"—and the programmer has his name displayed in small type somewhere on it. However, there is always an exception—and Super Speed Reading is it.

How much of one? Well, over the course of its development, we had several accomplished programmers attempt to bring Ms Kovar's lessons and teaching techniques to life. But the intricacies defeated them all. Until we presented the problem to Art Carpet.

Art not only solved the beginning complications, but he added many, many useful programming ideas of his own. Art Carpet made the computer do things we thought were almost impossible. Without the need for added hardware of any kind, he brought upper and lower case to the screen—an instantaneous choice of three totally different type styles—an on-screen clock—and provided accurate speeds up to many thousands of words per minute. And all within the 48 K of the most popular Apples.

As valuable as Super Speed Reading is to anyone interested in improving his or her reading speed, it could not have seen the light of day without Art. That's why Magnum Software takes this moment of your time, not to simply tell you the name of the programmer, but to publicly tip its hat to the programming genius of Art Carpet.

Preface

The History of Speed Reading

Throughout history certain people have always been able to read extraordinarily fast. This ability was usually looked upon as an inborn talent, like playing the piano.

The fact that the ordinary person might be able to increase his normal reading rate didn't become apparent until World War II. The armed forces wanted the troops to be able to instantly recognize whether a high flying, superfast airplane was ours or the enemy's. Proper recognition could prevent shooting down our own planes. To accomplish this, they used a device called a tachistoscope. The tachistoscope could flash silhouettes of various airplanes on a movie screen at speeds from 1 second to 1/500th of a second. The experiment was successful. It was discovered that, with practice, almost any serviceman could be trained to correctly identify an airplane flying at extremely high speeds.

(We have incorporated this idea in the section called FLASH PRACTICE. There are hundreds of words and phrases which you can have flash by at rates to 10,000 words per minute. This program is on the GREEN disk. If you wish to preview its action, boot up the BLUE disk, ask for JUST BROWSING and follow the on screen instructions.)

After the war, reading experts started experimenting with the tachistoscope as a technique to increase reading speeds. Since that time the methods have been vastly improved.

Super Speed Reading combines the best of these methods and has made them compatible with the computer. In fact, by making full use of the computer's capabilities, it has made it easier to teach and to master the skills of super speed reading. Thanks to today's computer almost anyone may now learn to increase his reading speed 2 to 10 times in the comfort of his own home and at his own pace.

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The Program

Hardware Needs

Super Speed Reading operates on any 48 K Apple II, II+, or IIe with Applesoft in ROM, or in the language card. On IIe put CAPS key down in lock position.

It requires DOS 3.3 and only one disk drive. (While it uses 2 disks, the program is very efficient so there is very little disk swapping required.)

The Program Items

The Super Speed Reading course consists of 3 items:

1. The instruction book.
2. The BLUE Master Disk which teaches/explains the techniques.
3. The GREEN Practice/Chart Disk. This contains 120 pages of practice text, and a special Flash Practice section. It is also where you may record your practice sessions and see them listed on a graph.

Back Up Copies

The GREEN disk. You may make a back up copy of the Practice/Chart Disk by using the Copy program supplied with your computer, or with almost any other copy program. We recommend this be done without delay.

The BLUE disk. If you wish a back up copy of this Master teaching disk, please mail in your Registration Card and enclose $12.00. We regret we cannot honor orders unless a Registration Card is included.

If, within 60 days, your original BLUE Master Disk becomes inoperable for any reason, return it to us with your sales receipt for Free replacement.

**Apple II, II+, IIe are trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc.*

The Impatient User's Guide

To avoid confusion and aggravation, different colors are used to identify the programs. The BLUE disk is the Master Teaching program which you will use most of the time. The GREEN disk is for keeping records of your progress and for practice reading.

To begin the program, simply insert the BLUE disk (label side up) in your drive, turn on the computer and follow the on-screen directions.

Not quite so impatient?

Then you'll appreciate knowing the following.

All of the program material used in the teaching areas is automatically displayed in upper and lower case characters. No additional hardware is called for.

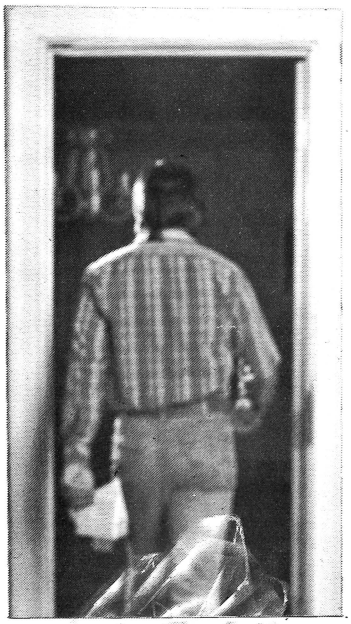
For your convenience, and ease of reading, you may select from 3 styles of lettering: regular, **medium** or **bold.** You may also change from one lettering style to another. No additional hardware is needed for this feature.

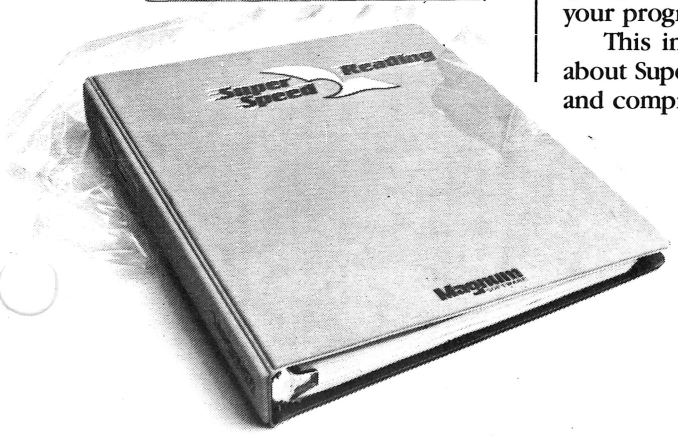
There are no complicated commands to follow or remember. For example, when there is a choice to be made, you will be asked to simply press a Number or a Letter key.

The other commands (to return to the Menu, to repeat an example, to continue etc.) are one-key commands. They usually are displayed at the bottom of the screen. At other times you may be required to press the RETURN key or the SPACE BAR.

About the only times you will have to press more than a single key are when you enter your name or when you indicate the number of words per minute (from 100 to 3000) you want to use.

Always READ THE SCREEN for your commands.





The RESET key. It may be pressed at any time (except when the disk drive light is on) without harming the program. You may use it as a handy short-cut for leaving the page you're on and returning to the Menu.

The program can automatically record your practice periods, figure your reading speeds and keep your progress charts.

The GREEN Disk provides you with an on-screen timer, and a metronome sound for your practice sessions. It also includes 120 screen-pages of story text... a special group of words and phrases for FLASH PRACTICE ... and will even make a graph of your progress.

This instruction manual, besides giving detailed and interesting information about Super Speed Reading, also includes pages of special text for practice reading and comprehension testing.

The Expert

J. Carson Kovar

The Super Speed Reading program is based upon and utilizes the speed reading methods developed, adapted and refined by J. Carson Kovar, M.A., who is considered a leading world authority in the field of Rapid Reading.

Over a period of 25 years, Ms Kovar has successfully taught 20,000 men, women and children to speed read. These included Presidential Cabinet staff members of the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations, and members of organizations such as the F.B.I., U.S. Air Force, Dept. of Defense, Social Security Administration, Army, Navy and Forest Service.

Her students also include thousands of grade school, high school and college students, as well as professionals and business executives in scores of large and small companies such as I.B.M., DuPont, N.Y. Life, Dean Witter Investment Co.

Kovar has successfuly translated her special techniques and teaching examples for use on the computer. In fact, she believes, that for the average person, learning super speed reading with the aid of the computer may well be easier, and superior to attending crowded classes.

Ms Kovar is currently in the process of producing a speed reading program for the lower elementary school grades.

Introduction

Super Speed Reading is a program of instruction designed to increase the average reader's ability to read two to ten times faster.

Reading is the key to knowledge, enjoyment and communication. Without the ability to read, the world would still be back in the dark ages. Yet, despite its importance, the way we read has not kept pace with our other achievements. People today are basically taught this skill by the same methods used hundreds of years ago.

Think of how you first learned to read in grammar school. You practiced this wonderful new ability by reading from a storybook. You carefully pronounced each word as you came to it. And, when the teacher called upon you to read the story in class, you read out loud. This meant you were being taught to see and say each word separately. And, of course, every time you read aloud these habits were reinforced.

Teachers certainly recognized that "seeing and saying" slowed down reading speed. Remember how frequently they said, "Don't move your lips when reading to yourself"? Well, if we listened to our teachers, most of us stopped that particular habit, but replaced it with one only slightly better... we said the words in our mind!

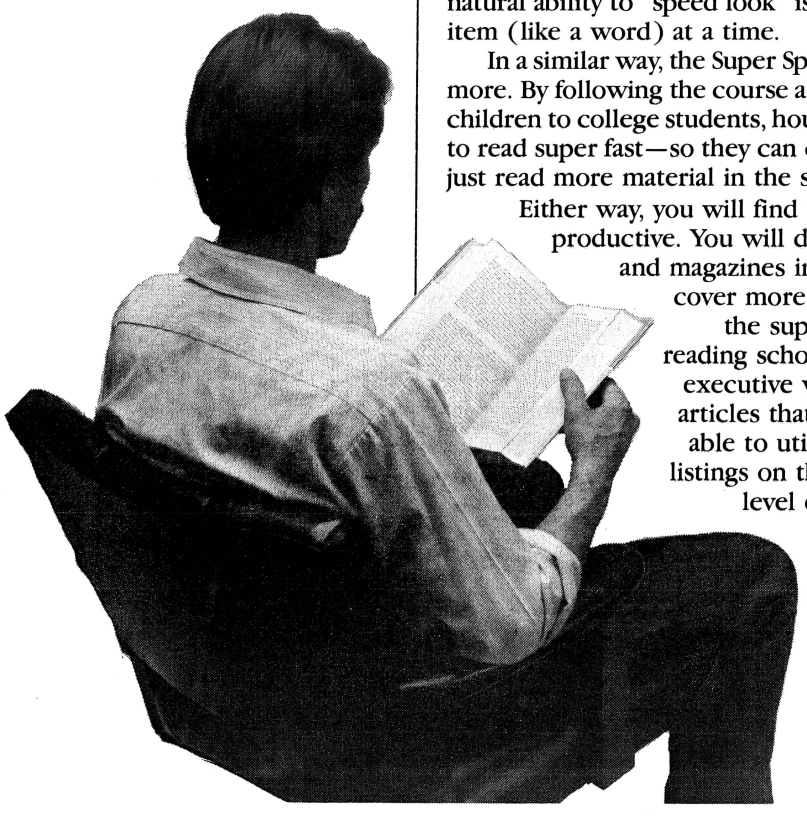
The result? Those who continued to move their lips (visibly or invisibly) have gone through life as very slow readers. The great majority of people, who learned to repeat each word mentally, read somewhat faster, but still do not approach the speeds which are readily possible.

Super Speed Reading teaches you, step by step, how to overcome the handicap of slow reading—and how to read at speeds that can go up to 1,000, 2000 or more words per minute! While extremely high speeds, from 5,000 to 20,000 words per minute, are possible, such exceptional results should not be expected.

Is "speed reading" truly possible? Well, consider this analogy. When you look at a painting, a picture in a book, or even a movie, you "speed look". You don't start at one edge, then look slowly across the picture to the opposite edge, and continue down to the bottom, do you? Of course not.

In one glance, you immediately see and understand the entire scene! Your natural ability to "speed look" is proof you aren't limited to absorbing just a single item (like a word) at a time.

In a similar way, the Super Speed Reading techniques train you to see and absorb more. By following the course and practicing faithfully, almost anyone from school children to college students, housewives, and business people can train themselves to read super fast—so they can cover their normal reading 2 to 10 times faster, or just read more material in the same amount of time.



Either way, you will find that fast reading is more enjoyable and also more productive. You will discover the joys of reading novels, the newspaper and magazines in a fraction of your former time. You'll be able to cover more difficult books quicker than ever. You'll find that the super speed reading techniques are invaluable when reading school assignments and taking tests. And the business executive will save tons of time when faced with memos or articles that he must cover. Finally, the computer fan will be able to utilize his new found skills in checking his program listings on the screen or in print out form. In short, on every level of reading you will spend less time and enjoy the reading more.

All the tedious elements of learning a new skill are handled by the computer.

Why use a computer

The benefits of learning to speed read with the help of your computer are enormous.

For example, the lessons are always there, ready to be reviewed and used at your leisure, when you have the time available.

With the computer you, and others of your family, are not put in a position (which some find embarrassing) of competing against a class full of students. Each user competes only against himself, and proceeds at his or her own pace, with complete privacy. This non-pressure learning situation helps you learn faster.

The computer examples are graphic and clear. And they may be repeated as often as you wish.

Each lesson is complete and individualized since it works only with your personal reading speed, and adjusts to you as your speed improves.

You may proceed as fast or as slowly as you need to. In fact, each user may proceed at the pace that suits his individual preference.

The program enables you to test yourself, and to practice at the exact speeds you select. Further, 120 pages of practice text in story form are provided for your convenience. The program also offers you various methods of practicing right on the screen, as well as several hundred words and phrases in the unique Flash Practice section. And it provides you with audio and visual helps to make your practice accurate, easy and simple. In addition, it can keep records of your practice sessions, the reading you do, the books you use... and it will automatically figure and record your words per minute speed for later review. Any time you wish, you may also look at a bar chart graph of your progress.

In brief, all the tedious elements of learning a new skill are handled by the computer, leaving you with the interesting and fun parts to work with. So, without the dull distractions, you will learn more quickly and progress faster.

Computer Speeds

At various times you may have to command the program to operate at certain speeds. At other times it might automatically arrive at a specific speed based upon information in your reading records.

Please note, however, that in any area dependent upon speed, the program will operate no slower than 100 WPM (words per minute)—and no faster than 3000 wpm.

There are many reasons for these limits. But the simplest are these: If you read slower than 100 wpm, you should take a remedial reading course before attempting to speed read, and, if you read faster than 3000 wpm you are a super speed reader already and the program can do little for you.

You may type in speeds outside of these low and high limits, and it won't hurt anything. However, in such cases the program will simply say 'no thanks' and have you reenter an acceptable figure, or it may use either the 100 wpm minimum or the 3000 wpm maximum.

Exception

Naturally, there's an exception that proves the rule: in the Flash Practice area only, you may elect to have the words, numbers, or phrases flash on at a rate up to 10,000 wpm!

Speed Changes

To answer a question before it comes up: no, you cannot change a selected speed while it is being used. However, you may press the RESET button at any point (providing the disk drive red light is not on) and then select any other speed you desire.

The reason for this is based on human psychology. If a reading student, while learning or practicing, is allowed to adjust the speed as he reads, the chances are he will start going slower and slower... and revert to the old, slow-reading habits he's used all his life. Children, in particular, would be tempted to play around rather than learn. This would defeat the discipline needed to become a speed reader.

In addition, a constant speed allows the program to make accurate computation of the words read per minute—so your records will be useful and comparable to each other.

Speed Limits

In the Pacer Practice section, the speed at which the pacer covers each individual page of story text is extremely accurate. However, due to the mysterious ways of the computer, there must be a slight pause as the "pages are turned".

Therefore, if you decided to read a 3000 word section at a practice speed of 600 wpm, it might take you 15 or 20 seconds more than just 5 minutes. Despite this minor variation, you still would have seen and read the words at 600 wpm. To put it another way, your reading speed for that section is 600 wpm, as you are not docked for the time it takes to turn the pages.

Progress Points

Each progress point you successfully master is the foundation for the next plateau.

When Will I Begin to Read Faster?

Nowdays, it seems as if we all live in the fast lanes of life and so want to see results as soon as possible. As far as Super Speed Reading goes, there are very definite points of progress in which you may be interested.

Point A: Double the speed

By the time you learn and complete sections 2 and 4, you will have the knowledge to have doubled your speed. By itself, that's a great accomplishment! You'll be able to read twice as much in the same time period, or, the same amount in only 1/2 the time!
If merely doubling your speed satisfies you, then you may decide just to enjoy your success and not continue the lessons or to continue later on.

Point B: Triple the speed

After the above, if you also master Section 5, there's no reason why you shouldn't be reading three times faster. Perhaps much more. If these results are satisfactory and meet your goals, then you can simply decide not to go on.

Point C: Name the speed

When you continue through the program, learn the techniques shown in Section 6, and become proficient with them—the sky's the limit—four, six, perhaps ten or more times your original speed! You will be a true Super Speed Reader with your reading rate determined only by your own dedication, ability and desire.

Some food for thought. While you may stop at the point and speed which satisfy you, you should realize Super Speed Reading was developed and planned as an entity. *Each plateau you reach is the foundation for the next plateau.* Success in B depends upon your success in A, and the success in C, depends upon your mastery of both A and B. By the time you complete the entire program you will have spent many enjoyable weeks with your new skills. And those skills will begin to be almost automatic.

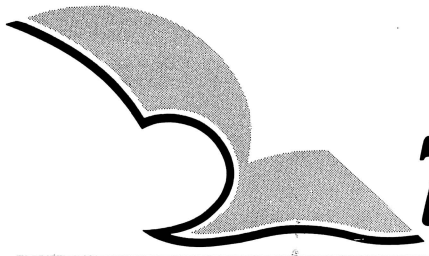
However, if you stop short (perhaps you are satisfied with the increased speeds achieved in Point A) remember this: *you will not have put in anywhere near the amount of practice time needed by the full program, so your skill level will not be firmly set as yet. Be prepared to devote time to additional practice or you risk disappointment.*

Beginning Hints

Super Speed Reading is almost fool proof. You could go ahead and learn by simply inserting the disks and following the instructions on the screen.

However, we strongly advise and suggest that you read certain parts of the Instructions first. For example, cover the beginning pages for an overview of the theory and practice behind speed reading. Then, as you are about to begin using the program, read the instructions which apply to the section you plan to work with.

By approaching your learning experience in this manner, you will be better prepared to operate the program without problem or question. And you will eliminate the possibility of frustrations that might cause you to delay or quit before you achieve success.



The Blue Disk

It's so simple to use you can even let the children go it alone.

How to start

No problem here. Simply put the BLUE disk into your drive and turn on your computer. If you have a IIe remember to put the CAPS key in the lock position.

The first thing you'll see is the title of the program. Press any key and you are underway.

The text on the screen will now ask you to type in your name. The program isn't merely being friendly. This information will be needed so it'll know who is using the program, the speed it should run at, whose records it is keeping and other nifty things. In order for the program to keep accurate records and to operate at your personal level of progress, always use the same name.

The name you enter can be no more than 6 letters long. So, if your name is Jonathon, for example, you might just use Jon. After you type in your name press the RETURN key.

Next, you're asked to make a choice. The screen will look like this:

A > NEW USER
B > BROWSING
C > CURRENT USER
SELECT <A-C>

This is fairly self-explanatory. You simply type in your choice of A, B, or C. However, so you'll know what each choice means, let's spend a moment reviewing them.

A> NEW USER. This selection is made when you are ready to begin learning how to speed read. When you type in "A" it will automatically go to the proper place on the Contents page. Read the information, select a letter style, then press the SPACE BAR to proceed.

B> BROWSING. This means what it says. It allows you to go through the program—looking at this section or that—taking a peek here or there. Since it won't let you fool around like this unless you have established a reading speed, we let you enter a "fake" or "temporary " reading speed by asking you:

BROWSING SPEED? (100-3000 WPM)

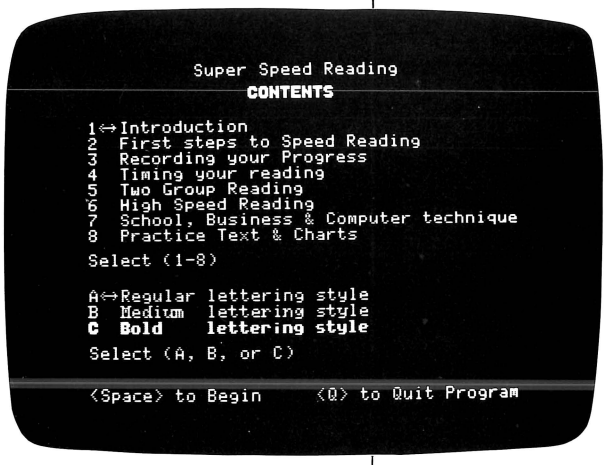
How quickly you can go through certain parts of various sections depends upon the speed picked. Type in a high number if you wish to browse at a faster clip.

C> CURRENT USER. You make this selection if you have been working with the program. And, if you have your test results and name already listed on the GREEN PRACTICE disk. This is the choice you will make 99% of the time, until you have completed the course.

The BLUE Disk Contents Page
also known as the Main Menu

Here is where you find the overall contents of the Super Speed Reading course. The sections are numbered consecutively. To get the most out of the course, and to make the greatest progress, you should take them in order and not skip around. Jumping from here to there might be amusing... but it certainly won't help you learn to read as speedily as you wish.

The Contents page looks like this:



If you are a NEW USER, you must select #1. In fact, the program won't permit you to make any other selection! The reason: in that section you do a reading exercise to establish a beginning reading speed. This is done so you'll be able to follow your progress over the length of the course. Your beginning speed is also used to make sure that certain parts of the program will run neither too slow nor too fast for your understanding.

If you are a CURRENT USER you may select any section from 1 to 8. Though, again, we strongly suggest you don't get ahead of yourself...take them in order.

If you are just BROWSING you may also select any section. And the program will operate as if you are a Current User. However, after you're through looking and have started your actual sessions, we suggest you erase the browsing information so it won't take up valuable room on your practice disk. (Procedures for erasing this information are shown on-screen on the GREEN DISK, and in Section 8 of the instructions.)

Lettering Styles

Note: the same Menu also gives you a choice of three lettering styles... and you make your selection by typing A, B, or C. Why this choice?

Because everyone's eyes are different—some are nearsighted, or farsighted, have astigmatism, wear eyeglasses or contact lenses, while others are pure 20/20. Some users will sit close to the screen, others at a medium distance, and still others far back.

And, as for TV monitors!! Some will use a home TV set; black and white or color. Others have a computer monitor... perhaps a green screen, or a color set etc. (While the program is in color, some find it easier to read the text by using their color set in the monochrome mode.)

As this is reading instruction, we believe you should have the best conditions possible. So, you may select the lettering type which you can read the best. Most will prefer the regular lettering, but many will like the look and the restfulness they enjoy from a heavier lettering like medium or bold. Please try them all—experiment—it's fun as well as useful.

Upper & Lower Case Characters

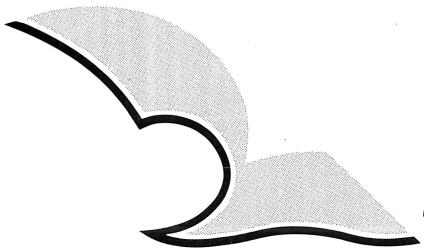
All the program material (including the 120 pages of story text on the GREEN disk) is automatically shown in upper and lower case characters—not just capitals. No extra hardware is needed for this feature.

After all, in the real-world almost everything you read is in upper and lower case. If our program only used capital letters you would not find it practical or very useful when you tried to apply the techniques to your everyday reading material.

We feel you will find this special attention to detail will prove invaluable to your progress.

Everything in the program relates to the way you normally read.

1. Intro. to Speed Reading



Section 1

Here's where you start on the road to successful Super Speed Reading.

Introduction

This section graphically demonstrates the differences between slow and fast reading.

And, very importantly, it is here that each New User takes a personal reading test. The purpose of the test is to determine your current reading speed.

This test must be taken, and recorded (per the instructions given on the screen) in order that...

a. ... other important sections of the program will be able to work properly. (Certain areas frequently refer to your starting speed when running examples.)

b. ... a record will be established for you, so you will be able to use the 120 pages of practice text on the GREEN disk.

c. ... the program can keep up to date records of your normal book reading, and any practice reading you do on the computer itself.

d. ... the Graphic Progress section will be able to create your bar charts, and thus display your progress over a period of time.

Re-taking the Reading Test

If you are disturbed or interrupted while taking the test, your reading speed will not be accurate. Under those circumstances **do not enter it on the GREEN DISK.** Just press the "R" key to retake the test. Or, press the RESET key to return to the Menu, and begin again.

> *Even though the directions will be given on the screen, let us reiterate this point. When you take the reading test, each page of the story will stay on the screen until you press the SPACE BAR. So, remember, in order to display the next page, press the SPACE BAR the moment you finish reading a page, and also at the end of the test.*

(After you've taken the reading test, the program will show you where your current speed places you in relation to other people. For example, it'll indicate whether you are an average reader... or perhaps read at the university or executive level. This "placement" gives general guidance only.)

At the end of Section 1, you will be asked to confirm the name you want your test results to be listed under. Once you have done that, you will remove the BLUE disk, and insert the GREEN disk. (Which is where your permanent records are stored.)

The screen will then prompt you about how to return to the reading program. Yes, you'll have to replace the GREEN disk with the BLUE disk. But, there's very little switching necessary overall, so bear with it this once.

Now that you have your speed recorded you will, in the future, select CURRENT USER whenever you use the program.

Section 2

The Pacer is a friend which will lead you to success.

New Techniques

After you've completed the first section, and recorded your beginning speed, the fun of learning the hows and whys of reading fast can get underway.

In general, this section explains and demonstrates why you are trapped into reading slowly. It then teaches you how to exchange those old habits for new ones which can have you reading faster, almost immediately!

This chapter is almost totally self-explanatory, so very little needs to be repeated here. However, (you knew there'd be a "however" didn't you?) we might mention just a few things that could be helpful.

The word FIXATE refers to concentrating on a single word and reading it to yourself before you go on to the next word. (This becomes a "no, no" to the speed reader.)

You will have the opportunity to repeat various examples. It's suggested you do repeat them at least once. Repetition helps understanding.

The Pacer

The concept of a PACER is introduced for the first time. The PACER is an

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nds

However, and this is worth repeating: you MUST use a pacer throughout the entire learning process. And, to achieve reasonable success...

YOU MUST PRACTICE with the GREEN DISK AND ITS PACERS...

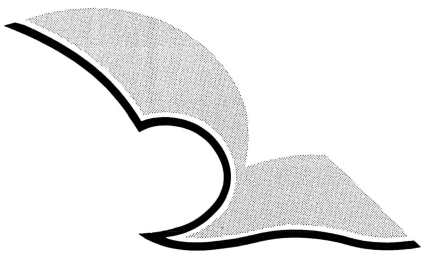
... and use a PACER in all your non-computer reading. If you disregard this rule your success will be limited at best.

So, please pay close attention to the PACER explanation in this section, and experiment to make sure you are using it properly.

Practice Secrets

To master a new skill like speed reading, you will have to do a lot of practicing. If you do it the right way, you'll get far more out of it and achieve success with a lot less effort.

As the program points out, the books you use for your non-computer practice should be simpler than the books you normally read. Light novels, like action-adventure, or young romances, are very good for this purpose. *To give you an example of the type of material suggested, there are several pages of sample story text included at the end of this section.*



Section 2

The Pacer is a friend which will lead you to success.

New Techniques

After you've completed the first section, and recorded your beginning speed, the fun of learning the hows and whys of reading fast can get underway.

In general, this section explains and demonstrates why you are trapped into reading slowly. It then teaches you how to exchange those old habits for new ones which can have you reading faster, almost immediately!

This chapter is almost totally self-explanatory, so very little needs to be repeated here. However, (you knew there'd be a "however" didn't you?) we might mention just a few things that could be helpful.

The word FIXATE refers to concentrating on a single word and reading it to yourself before you go on to the next word. (This becomes a "no, no" to the speed reader.)

You will have the opportunity to repeat various examples. It's suggested you do repeat them at least once. Repetition helps understanding.

The Pacer

The concept of a PACER is introduced for the first time. The PACER is an extremely important aid. It is called a Pacer because, as we're sure you've managed to guess, you use it to pace yourself. We seriously question whether you can learn to super speed read without it.

As you continue through the program, you will be exposed to many examples of how to speed read with the help of the PACER. And, you will discover different kinds and methods of pacing.

However, and this is worth repeating: you MUST use a pacer throughout the entire learning process. And, to achieve reasonable success...

YOU MUST PRACTICE with the GREEN DISK AND ITS PACERS...

... and use a PACER in all your non-computer reading. If you disregard this rule your success will be limited at best.

So, please pay close attention to the PACER explanation in this section, and experiment to make sure you are using it properly.

Practice Secrets

To master a new skill like speed reading, you will have to do a lot of practicing. If you do it the right way, you'll get far more out of it and achieve success with a lot less effort.

As the program points out, the books you use for your non-computer practice should be simpler than the books you normally read. Light novels, like action-adventure, or young romances, are very good for this purpose. *To give you an example of the type of material suggested, there are several pages of sample story text included at the end of this section.*

There are excellent reasons to "go simple".

a. Simpler books are likely to use a larger size type, with fewer words per line, and fewer lines per page.

b. When the book is simple, the vocabulary it uses will be very familiar to you, and less demanding than what you meet in your ordinary reading.

c. The sentence structure will also be simpler and easier to understand.

This overall simplicity is important. It will let you relax and be at ease, because you'll know without a doubt that you'd never have any trouble with this particular book. As a result you won't feel any pressure or strain.

In other words you'll feel completely confident. And this confidence will make it very easy to accept this new way of reading—and you'll be able to "let go" of your old habits and actually enjoy all the practicing! Despite this, if you find yourself getting "up tight", remember that "ain't" right! So, try an even simpler book for your practice. Don't be upset or embarrassed if you do. Just keep in mind that you are using these books to master a new skill not to pass an examination!

The practice rules spelled out on the screen at the end of this section are for one major purpose: to let you become totally familiar with these wonderful reading techniques...techniques you'll use throughout the entire super speed reading course.

> *It is emphasized that you should not attempt to read for content and understanding at this time... but only to become comfortable with the speed reading movements so that later on you'll do them automatically, without thinking.*

The average student will find it best to follow the practice routines described here, for 7 to 10 days before going on to the next section. Since your degree of ultimate success is dependent upon your PACER use, we strongly recommend you take all the time necessary.

To transfer what you are learning to everyday use, you must practice two ways. First, practice on the computer, using the pages of story text on the GREEN practice disk. * And secondly, with your regular reading materials, at home, in school, on the train, in the office etc. You need to practice daily.

Home Practice Rules

General Rules: Here are the General Rules for all your home book practice. They may vary slightly from lesson to lesson, as you become more accomplished, but it is important that you follow them.

a. Select a book which is simpler than your regular reading level. (Example: If you usually read heavy, non-fiction, work with light novels instead. A 9th grade student on the other hand, should use a 6th or 7th grade book.)

b. Lay your book flat on the desk or table.

c. Hold your cardboard pacer (divided by the 2 arrows) at the top of the page.

d. Move your pacer down each page at the same, steady rhythmical pace. Do not slow up for any reason.

e. Look at each line in only 3 eye stops. Never go word by word.

f. Turn each page with the hand not using the pacer.

g. For a quick example, in the event you don't have a suitable book, please go to the printed story pages at the end of this section.

(Once you start actually reading with this new skill, you may sometimes feel you are missing words or even meaning. Do not let that disturb you!! It will eventually solve itself.)

Specific Rules: There are specific methods to follow, at this stage, when you are practicing with your own books. While the rules are listed within the program we have reproduced and expanded upon them here.

1. Before each session, warm-up for 2-3 minutes on the computer. Using the GREEN disk, go to PACER PRACTICE and select the proper pacer. (At the moment that's the one with 2 arrows). Set the Pacer to go at twice your current speed. This extra fast speed helps train your eyes by "forcing" them to keep moving.

2. After your warm-up, go to the book you intend to use as your practice text. Practice reading with your pacer for 5 minutes, non-stop.

3. Relax for 2 minutes.

4. Now, re-read the identical material for another 5 minute period. Relax for 2 minutes. Read for another 5 minutes etc.

5. Practice for a total of 1/2 hour in the above manner, twice a day, using the same material (The more time you spend practicing the speedier you will become a speed reader!).

6. We suggest you spend 7 to 10 days practicing in this manner before you move on to the next lesson.

You'll change those old, slow reading habits which are road blocks to fast reading.

June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	~~9~~	~~10~~	~~11~~
~~12~~	~~13~~	~~14~~	~~15~~	~~16~~	~~17~~	~~18~~
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

The more you practice the faster you'll progress

Review

The basic exercises discussed above will help change your old, slow reading habits which are road blocks to fast reading.

Their purpose is to get you in the habit of: viewing words in groups—moving your eyes steadily at a quick pace and becoming familiar with the handling of the pacer. It will start out as a conscious process. However, as time passes, the skill becomes automatic, and your normal comprehension will follow.

Since the major purpose right now is for you to practice movements, rather than actually reading, don't worry about record keeping. In fact, you should not keep a speed record at this time.

****

*Start up the BLUE Disk, enter your name and select CURRENT USER. You will be prompted to insert the GREEN disk. At that point select B) PACER & PRACTICE PAGES, then follow screen directions. If you are unsure, take a peek at Section 3 on the BLUE Disk, or look at the area in this instruction manual called GREEN DISK.

Story Material Eye Movement Practice

On the following pages you will find the type of story text which is very suitable for your eye-movement practice.

You will notice that the text has been divided into thirds by light blue lines. You might call this a built-in guide for your Pacer.

Some people find they can get into the swing of practicing their new movements far quicker by working with the following pages of text—and then moving on to their own book.

If you decide to practice your 3-stop eye movements with this text, make sure you also use the Pacer you have made for yourself.

Note: no comprehension questions have been included for the text as, you should remember, you are only practicing technique right now... not trying to actually read.

Average words per page: 390

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Buck did not read the newspapers or he would have known that trouble was brewing. Trouble, not only for himself but for every dog strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic cold, had found a yellow metal... gold! Steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, so thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs. And the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles to work, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which you could see the wide, cool porch that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by graveled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth. There were rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, grape arbors, green pastures, orchards and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great domain, Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place. But they did not count. They came and went, living in the kennels, or living obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Isabel, the Mexican hairless—strange creatures that rarely put nose out of

doors or set foot to the ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Isabel when they looked out the windows at them.

But Buck was neither a house dog nor a kennel dog. The whole estate was his. He plunged into the swiming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons. He escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning walks. On winter nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire. He carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass. And he guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond to the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked like a king, and Toots and Isabel he ignored, for he was king—king over all the creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion. And Buck was following in the way of his father. He was not quite as large—he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds—as his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes from good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a pampered aristocrat. He had a fine pride in himself, and was a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen become because of their way of living. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere house dog. Hunting and other outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles. And to him the love of water had been a tonic and health preserver.

And this was the kind of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and

he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesireable person. Manuel had one major sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one major weakness—faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not go past the needs of a wife and numerous children.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver 'em," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled up a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, an' you'll choke 'em plenty," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted in understanding.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unsuspecting performance, but he had learned to trust the men he knew, and to give them credit for wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely indicated his displeasure, believing that to indicate was the same as to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a quick twist threw Buck over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue hanging out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his

strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of conveyance. The loud shriek of a locomotive whistling at a crossing told him where he was. He had traveled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnapped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out him once more.

"Yep, has fits," the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of the struggle. "I'm taking him up to 'Frisco for the boss. A crack dog-doctor there thinks that he can cure him."

Concerning that night's ride, the man spoke most eloquently for himself, in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco waterfront.

"All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled, "and I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash!"

His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief and the right trouser leg was ripped from knee to ankle.

"How much did the other mug get?" the saloon keeper said.

"A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a penny less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloon keeper calculated, "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarehead."

The kidnapper undid the bloody wrappings and looked at his slashed and bitten hand. "If I don't get the hydrophoby—"

"It'll be because you was born to hang," laughed the saloon keeper. "Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight," he added.

Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, until they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cagelike crate.

There Buck lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his anger and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did these strange men want with him? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

But the saloon keeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil looking creatures, ragged and dirty, and he stormed at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly grabbed with his teeth until he realized that that was what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him. He was carted about in another wagon. Then a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels onto a ferry steamer. He was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot, and finally he was deposited in an express car.

For two days and nights this express cab was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives. And for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first

advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, shaking and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like hateful dogs, mewed and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew, but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, so his anger grew and grew.

Section 3

Recording your progress

Keeping track of your progress on the computer and in your daily reading will boost your confidence.

Once you have completed the prior sections of the program, you should understand the basic methods of speed reading. If you have followed the Pacer practicing you should also be familiar with its use and are ready to move ahead in earnest.

We take a pause at this point to briefly discuss where, how and why you will keep records of your practice and progress. Complete information about the contents of the GREEN disk is covered later in the manual.

"You can't tell where you are, unless you know where you started from."

In other words, you can't know how much you've progressed unless you have a historical record you can refer to. Seeing your scores over a period of weeks—comparing your speeds on different kinds of books—will give you confidence and will be visible proof of your accomplishment. Such records can also help identify weaknesses and indicate whether you should devote more time to practicing, or perhaps repeat certain chapters before moving on to more advanced work.

In addition, other sections of the program utilize your latest reading speed, as recorded on your personal chart, to present various lessons at the correct speed. From this point on, you should make every effort to keep records of all your daily practice sessions.

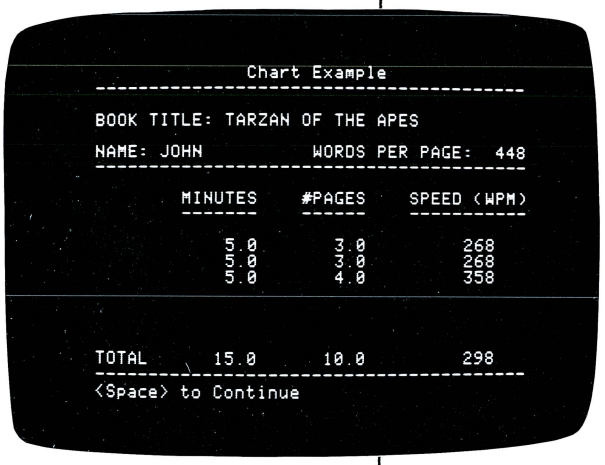
All of your records, what books you are reading, how often you practice, and the speeds achieved, will be kept on the GREEN disk.

SLOW AVERAGE UNIVERSITY EXECUTIVE SUPER SPEED READER

The charts used to record your practice sessions will look like the following example.

Whenever you want to record your practice information or use the other features on the GREEN disk, you MUST first boot up the BLUE disk, enter your name and indicate you are a CURRENT USER.

After you do this, you will be asked to remove the BLUE disk and insert the GREEN disk in its place.



Example of screen display discussed in "A" below.

The Menu you see on the screen will offer you six choices.

A> BOOK PRACTICE & CHART INFO. Select this when you intend to practice with your own books and want your data recorded automatically. You may then review it at any time.

B> PACER & PRACTICE PAGES. Select this when you wish to use the story text on the disk for your practice, and have it run at a controlled speed.

C> FLASH PRACTICE. This area is to demonstrate that you can see words at high speeds.

D> USER LIST & EDIT OPTIONS. This will list the names of those using the program, allow you to change or delete charts, and look at the other charts as well.

E> GRAPHIC PROGRESS CHART. This shows you bar charts of your starting reading speed, and the latest 15 practice sessions.

F> RETURN TO BLUE MASTER DISK. Use to return to lessons.

When you select "A"...

... you will be asked to enter the book title, the average words-per-line, and the average lines-per-page. (How to do this is clearly explained at the beginning of Section 4 in this manual.) The program will then compute the average words on a page, and do any needed mathematics after that. Anytime you use the same book the data will be there so you won't have to reenter it. If you wish, the program will also time your reading for you.

At the end of a practice session you will be asked to confirm the time you spent practicing, and the actual number of pages read. Once you do this, your words-per-minute (WPM) reading speed will appear automatically. You may SAVE this information on the same disk for future review, along with the data from other practice sessions.

If you select "B"...

... you intend to use the 120 pages of special story text for either reading on the computer—or for high-speed warm-ups.

To get started you are asked to select the type of Pacer you will want and the speed you desire to use in your practice. You also have a choice of lettering styles you'd like the story to appear in, and may also have the sound of a metronome during your reading.

If you want any of this on-screen story reading to be recorded in your charts, you must handle this operation yourself. Return to the Menu and select "A" for BOOK PRACTICE, then enter the information as you would for any other book. (On this material we use an average count of 150 words per page. So, when it asks the average number of words per line, enter 7.2. When it asks the average number of lines per page, enter 21.)

Whenever we attempt to learn a new skill, we are apt to meet periods when we get discouraged. If that happens to you, please review your charts. When you see your progress over days or weeks you'll be amazed... and your enthusiasm will return stronger than ever!

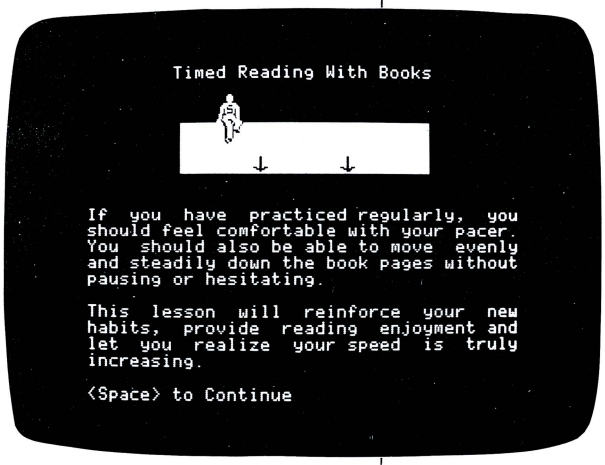
Use the 120 pages of story text on the Green Disk for computer practice.

Section 4

Timed Reading with books

One of the keys to reading rapidly is to constantly push yourself... to read with a sense of urgency that won't permit you to slow down, daydream or loaf through your material.

This sense of urgency is created and maintained by several aids: the all-important Pacer. And, by 2 timing devices: an ordinary kitchen timer, and a metronome.


Timed Reading With Books
If you have practiced regularly, you should feel comfortable with your pacer. You should also be able to move evenly and steadily down the book pages without pausing or hesitating.
This lesson will reinforce your new habits, provide reading enjoyment and let you realize your speed is truly increasing.
<Space> to Continue

You use the Pacer, naturally, to push or pull your eyes smoothly and evenly down the pages you're reading. When you set the kitchen timer it means you've mentally committed yourself to cover so much material in a specified time. And the metronome (a clicking device used by musicians to keep time) provides a background sound which helps you pace yourself and keep your reading rhythm.

All of these aids are friendly and passive—even though they sort of "nag" you to keep pushing yourself! While you can use your own kitchen timer and metronome, it's not necessary. Because the program will provide them for you! On the GREEN disk, when you practice, you can choose to have the time displayed second by second. And, you can also choose to have the computer metronome tick away at the speed you wish. You'll find having these devices available on the practice screen is a great help. So use them.

When you want the computer to do it all for you, just go to the GREEN disk as described before. You select A) BOOK PRACTICE. When the screen changes, select 1) START NEW PRACTICE SESSION. At that moment you will be asked to enter some things and select others. For example, the screen will display the following:

BOOK TITLE:_____
AVERAGE # WORDS PER LINE _____
AVERAGE # LINES PER PAGE _____
CLOCK? Y/N
HOW MANY MINUTES DO YOU WISH TO READ? _____
METRONOME? Y/N
SPEED WANTED (WPM)

Let's explain what each means.

The book title is the name of the book you're using for practice.

The average # words per line is easy to figure: count a full page of text from the book and divide by the number of lines on the page. That's the answer. For example: if a page has 320 words on it, and there are 16 lines, just divide 16 into 320. The answer, 20, is the average # of words per line.

To decide on the average # of lines per page, just pick a full page and count the lines. Enter that figure.

Next, if you select the clock, you are asked how many minutes you intend to read. If it's 5 minutes, just type in a 5. The clock will ring at the end of 5 minutes. (If you decide to stop before the time is up, there's no problem. The clock will display the actual time which has elapsed.)

Then, if you wish to have the sound of the metronome simply press Y.

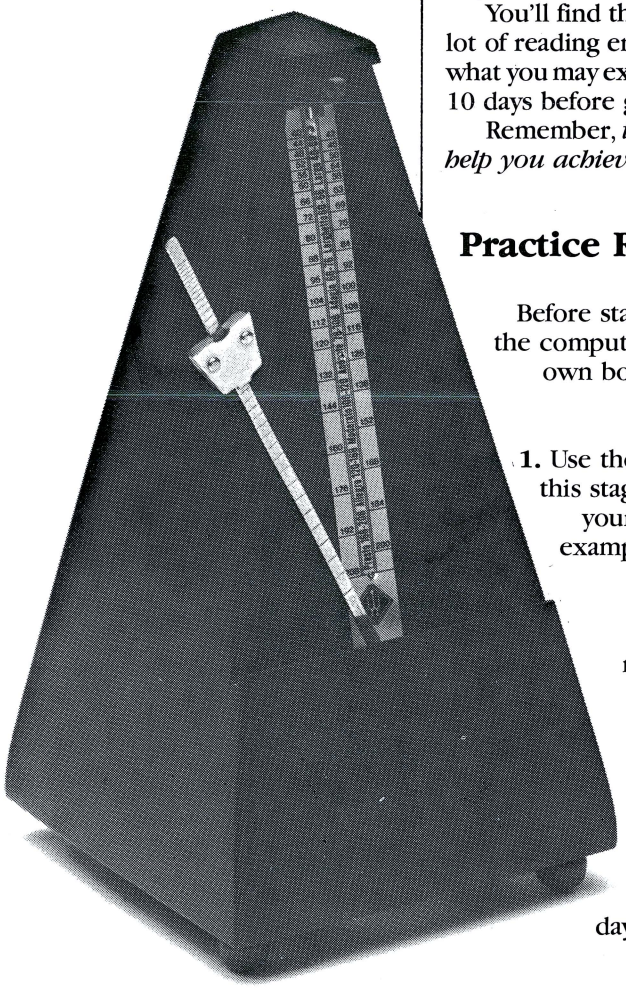
SPEED WANTED asks you to enter how fast you expect to be reading. This controls the metronome. It causes it to tick each 2 lines, to provide a rhythm for your reading.

Over and above what's been covered, you'll realize that accurate timing is important for reading discipline. If you don't know how long you read, you can't really know at what speed you were reading. And, if you guess at it, you're more likely to guess you were reading faster than you truly were. Thus, when you do make a timed-check, and the results are less than expected from your guesses, you may become discouraged.

This section will provide you with examples of reading with a Pacer at several different speeds. It also provides you with the rules of practicing. One point it makes is worth repeating. When you're practicing you may, at times, feel you are missing some words, or missing the sense of a specific sentence or paragraph. *Do not allow this to trap you into slowing down.* It is very important that you never slow down— that you constantly push yourself. So, what do you do in that circumstance? Just continue reading the page at your speed reading pace. *Then simply reread the same page as often as necessary until you feel satisfied!* (This "problem" will disappear as you become more accomplished in the skill.)

You'll find this section of the program will reinforce your new habits, provide a lot of reading enjoyment and let you realize your speed is truly increasing. That is what you may expect if you follow the practice rules, given in this section, for at least 10 days before going on to the next section.

Remember, *time spent practicing the correct way...* by following the rules... *will help you achieve success faster.*



Practice Rules to Remember

Before starting actual practice with your own material always warm-up on the computer at a much higher rate of speed than you intend using on your own books. While you spent 2-3 minutes in warm-up before, increase it now to 3-5 minutes.

1. Use the same book as before, but start at a fresh section. Remember, at this stage of your learning, your book should be simpler in content than your normal level of reading. For that reason we again provide some examples of the type of story you'll enjoy using. You'll find the printed story text at the end of this section.

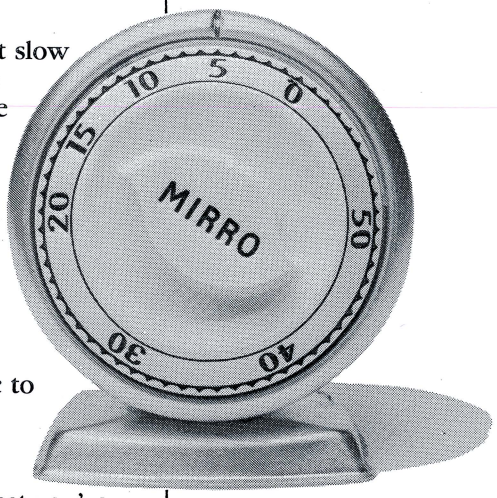
2. Place your book flat on the table. Set your clock/timer for 5 minutes. Then start to read in 3 groups per line, with your pacer forcing your eyes to move down the page.

3. When the bell rings, stop! Relax for two minutes. Use the time to enter the information the program will ask for.

4. Continue reading through the entire book in 5 minute practice sessions, and relaxing for 2 minutes, as before. Experiment with increasing your speed by 20% every two days. Work at least 1/2 hour at each session, a minimum of twice a day. The more practice time the better.

5. When finished, go to the menu and SAVE the results of your practice, per the directions on the screen.

6. Follow this procedure for 2 weeks. Use new books, as necessary. Be sure they are simpler than your regular fare.



Remember: If you miss some words and just can't stand it, do not slow down. Instead, finish reading the page, then reread the same page as many times as necessary until you're satisfied. (Yes, each reread page counts in your total page count.)

Complete your 2 weeks of practice, using this technique, before going to next section. Good reading.

Three Group Practice Comprehension

First, let us say that at this stage of your learning, it's not realistic to have any concern about comprehension. In fact, it's truly no more realistic than learning to play baseball—and after a week or two expecting to hit home runs all the time!

However, realistic or not, we know from experience that, now that you've started working in earnest with your new speed reading techniques, you won't be happy unless you can make some kind of comprehension check. Therefore, we've tried to address ourselves to that point. Obviously, we can't provide exercises based on the book you are actually reading. So, we have provided special pages of text—followed by questions for you to answer.

Before you begin, please go to page 79 and read the part about Comprehension.

Okay, now that you've read page 79, let us suggest how you should proceed.

1. Go to the GREEN disk, and do your 3-5 minutes of speed practice.
2. Then return to the end of Section 2 in this manual, and read those pages. (Remember, you originally used them only to become familiar with the three-group eye movements. So, you should not really have read them!) After you finish, you'll find Quiz Questions about that material, and answers to the questions, on the next page. Try them.
3. Now, for further enjoyment, and practice, read the next group of new story material, which follows the above Quiz. It is also divided down the length of the pages by two blue lines—to act as a guide for your Pacer.
4. Please remember, you're just at the start of learning to speed read, so do not be concerned if your current comprehension is not what you have been used to. It will improve greatly as the skills become natural and automatic.

Test Questions from Section 2 text

1. Buck was going to have trouble because men had discovered something in the far North. What was it?

   a. Oil
   b. timber
   c. gold

2. Where did Buck live?

   _____

3. Buck was a large dog. How much did he weigh?

   a. 140 pounds
   b. 190 pounds
   c. 205 pounds

4. Name the person who stole and then sold Buck.

   a. Elmo
   b. Manuel
   c. Smoke

5. Buck was choked unconscious. When he awakened, where was he?

   a. In a dirty cabin
   b. Tied to a tree
   c. In the baggage car of a train

6. How much did the kidnapper tell the saloon-keeper he was getting paid for Buck?

   a. $50
   b. $100
   c. $200

7. After Buck was imprisoned in the crate what happened?

   a. He was put on a wagon, then a truck
   b. He was put on a steamer, then a truck and a train
   c. All of the above

8. On Buck's trip, how often did the men feed him and give him water?

   a. Three times a day
   b. Once a day
   c. Not at all

Answers

1. c. Gold
2. On Judge Miller's place in the Santa Clara Valley
3. a. 140 pounds
4. b. Manuel
5. In the baggage car of a train
6. a. $50
7. c. All of the above
8. c. Not at all

Average words per page: 390

CALL OF THE WILD

Buck did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned with anger to fever-pitch. For that matter, high strung and very sensitive, the ill treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

He was glad for one thing, the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage. but now that it was off, he would show them. They would never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate or drank, and during those two days and nights of torment, he accumulated a fund of anger that boded ill for whoever fell afoul of him. His eyes turned bloodshot, and he was changed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him. The express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.

Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man, with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck figured, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

"You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

"Sure," the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate for a pry.

There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on top of the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater

was calmly intent on getting him out.

"Now, you red-eyed devil," he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand.

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he got himself ready for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his blood-shot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In mid-air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and each time the club broke his charge and smashed him down.

After a particularly fierce blow he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody saliver. Then the man came over and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, hefting the club from right to left, cooly caught him under the jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck made a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck

crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

He's no slouch at dog-breakin', that's what I say," one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically.

"Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays," was the reply of the driver, as he climbed on the wagon and started the horses.

Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.

"'Answers to the name of Buck,'" the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloon keeper's letter which had announced the consignment of the crate and contents. "Well, Buck, my boy," he went on in a genial voice, "we've had our little trouble and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all will go well and the goose will hang high. Be a bad dog, and I'll whale the stuffin' outa you. Understand?"

As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded. Though Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at touch of the hand, he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand.

He was beaten (he knew that), but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned a lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction halfway. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect. While he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by, other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely, and some raging and roaring as he had come. One and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red

sweater. Again and again, as he looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home to Buck. A man with a club was a lawgiver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man, and wagged their tails, and licked his hand. Also he saw one dog, that would not bow down or obey, finally killed in the struggle for mastery.

Now and again men came, strangers, who talked excitedly, wheedingly, and in all kinds of ways to the man in the red sweater. And at such times that money passed between them the strangers took one or more of the dogs away with them. Buck wondered where they went, for they never came back. But the fear of the future was strong upon him, and he was glad each time when he was not selected.

Yet his time came, in the end, in the form of a little wizened man who spat broken English and many strange and uncouth exclamations which Buck could not understand.

"Sacredam!" he cried, when his eyes lit upon Buck. "Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How moch?"

"Three hundred, and a present at that," was the prompt reply of the man in the red sweater. "And seein' it's government money, you ain't got no kick coming, eh, Perrault?

Perrault grinned. Considering that the price of dogs had been booming skyward by the unwonted demand, it was not an unfair sum for so fine an animal. The Canadian Government would be no loser, nor would its dispatches travel the slower. Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew that he was one in a thousand—"One in ten t'ousand," he commented mentally.

Buck saw money pass between them, and was not surprised when he and Curly, a good-natured Newfoundland dog, were led away by the wizened man. That was the last he

saw of the man in the red sweater. As Curly and he looked at receding Seattle from the deck of the Narwhal, it was the last he saw of the warm Southland. Curly and he were taken below by Perrault and turned over to a black faced giant called Francois. Perrault was a French-Canadian and swarthy. But Francois was a French-Canadian half-breed, and twice as swarthy. They were a new kind of men to Buck (of which he was destined to see many more), and while he developed no affection for them, he none the less grew honestly to respect them. He speedily learned that Perrault and Francois were fair men, calm and impartial in administering justice, and too wise in the way of dogs to be fooled by dogs.

In the between-decks of the Narwhal, Buck and Curly joined two other dogs. One of them was a big, snow-white fellow from Spitzbergen who had been brought away by a whaling captain, and who had later accompanied a Geological Survey into the Barrens.

He was friendly, in a treacherous sort of way, smiling into one's face the while he meditated some underhand trick, as, for instance, when he stole from Buck's food at the first meal. As Buck sprang to punish him, the lash of Francois's whip sang through the air, reaching the culprit first. Nothing remained to Buck but to recover the bone. That was fair of Francois, he decided, and the half-breed began his rise in Buck's estimation.

The other dog made no advances, nor received any. Also, he did not attempt to steal from the newcomers. He was a gloomy, morose fellow, and he showed Curly plainly that all he desired was to be left alone, and further, that there would be trouble if he were not left alone. "Dave" he was called, and he ate and slept, or yawned between times, and took interest in nothing, not even when the Narwahl crossed Queen Charlotte Sound and rolled and pitched and bucked like a thing possessed. When Buck and Curly grew excited, half with fear, Dave raised his head as though annoyed, favored them with an

incurious glance, yawned, and went to sleep again.

Day and night the ship throbbed to the tireless pulse of the propeller. And though one day was very like another, it was apparent to Buck that the weather was steadily growing colder. At last, one morning, the propeller was quiet, and the Narwhal was pervaded with an atmosphere of excitement. He felt it, as did the other dogs, and knew that a change was at hand. At the first step upon the cold surface, Buck's feet sank into a white mushy something very like mud. He sprang back with a snort. More of this white stuff was falling through the air. He shook himself, but more of it fell upon him. He sniffed it curiously, then licked some up on his tongue. It bit like fire, and the next instant was gone. This puzzled him. He tried it again, with the same result. The onlookers laughed uproariously, and he felt ashamed, he knew not why, for it was his first snow.

Chapter 2

Buck's first day on the Dyea beach was like a nightmare. Every hour was filled with shock and surprise. He had been suddenly jerked from the heart of civilization and flung into the heart of things primordial. No lazy, sun-kissed life was this, with nothing to do but loaf and be bored. Here was neither peace, nor rest, nor a moment's safety. All was confusion and action, and every moment life and limb were in peril. There was imperative need to be constantly alert, for these dogs and men were not town dogs and men. They were savages, all of them, who knew no law but the law of club and fang.

He had never seen dogs fight as these wolfish creatures fought, and his first experience taught him an unforgettable lesson. It is true, it was a vicarious experience, else he would not have lived to profit by it. Curly was the victim. They were camped near the log store, where she, in her friendly way,

made advances to a husky dog the size of a full-grown wolf, though not half so large as she. There was no warning, only a leap in like a flash, a metallic clip of teeth, a leap out equally swift, and Curly's face was ripped open from eye to jaw.

It was the wolf manner of fighting, to strike and leap away, but there was more to it than this. Thirty or forty huskies ran to the spot and surrounded the combatants in an intent and silent circle. Buck did not comprehend that silent intentness, nor the eager way with which they were licking their chops. Curly rushed her antagonist, who struck again and leaped aside. He met her next rush with his chest, in a peculiar fashion that tumbled her off her feet. She never regained them. This was what the onlooking huskies had waited for. They closed in upon her, snarling and yelping, and she was buried, screaming with agony, beneath the bristling mass of bodies.

So sudden was it, and so unexpected, that Buck was taken aback. He saw Spitz run out his scarlet tongue in a way he had of laughing. And he saw Francois, swinging an axe, spring into the mess of dogs. Three men with clubs were helping him to scatter them. It did not take long. Two minutes from the time Curly went down, the last of her assailants were clubbed off. But she lay there limp and lifeless in the bloody, trampled snow, almost literally torn to pieces while the half-breed stood over her and cursed horribly. The scene often came back to Buck to trouble him in his sleep. So that was the way. No fair play. Once down, that was the end of you. Well, he would see to it that he never went down. Spitz ran out his tongue and laughed again. And from that moment Buck hated him with a bitter and deathless hatred.

Before he had recovered from the shock caused by the tragic killing of Curly, he received another blow. Francois fastened upon him an arrangement of straps and buckles. It was a harness, such as he had seen the grooms put on the horses at home. And as he had seen horses work, so he was set to work, hauling Francois on a sled to the forest that fringed

the valley, and returning with a load of firewood. Though his dignity was sorely hurt by being made into a work animal, he was too wise to rebel. He buckled down with a will and did his best, though it was all new and strange. Francois was stern, demanding instant obedience, and by virtue of his whip he received it. Dave, who was an experienced wheeler dog, nipped Buck's hind quarters whenever he made a mistake. Spitz was the leader and also experienced. But while he could not always get at Buck, he growled sharp reproof now and again, or cunningly threw his weight in the traces to jerk Buck into the way he should go. Buck learned easily, and under the combined schooling of his two mates and Francois made remarkable progress. Before they returned to camp he knew enough to stop at "ho", to go ahead at "mush", to swing wide on the bends, and to keep clear of the wheeler when the loaded sled shot downhill at their heels.

"Three vairee good dogs," Francois told Perrault. "Dat Buck, heem pool lak crazy. I tich heem queek as anyt'ing."

By afternoon, Perrault, who was in a hurry to be on the trail with his dispatches, returned with two more dogs. "Billee" and "Joe" he called them—two brothers and true huskies. Sons of the one mother though they were, they were as different as day and night. Billee's one fault was his excessive good nature, while Joe was the very opposite. He was sour with a perpetual snarl and an angry eye. Buck received them in comradely fashion. Dave ignored them, while Spitz proceeded to thrash first one and then the other. Billee wagged his tail appeasingly, turned to run when he saw that appeasement wouldn't work, and cried when Spitz's sharp teeth sank into his flank. But no matter how Spitz circled, Joe whirled around on his heels to face him, mane bristling, ears laid back, lips snarling, jaws clicking together as fast as he could snap. So terrible was his appearance that Spitz was forced to forget disciplining him. But to cover his own discomfit he turned upon the inoffensive and wailing Billee and drove him to the edge of the camp.

Test Questions

1. What caused Buck to suffer the most? The small size of the cage; the lack of water; his hunger or his swollen tongue?

_____

2. In what city did Buck get off the train?

   a. Seattle
   b. Salem
   c. Nome

3. How did the man in the red sweater open the crate in which Buck was caged?

_____

4. When Buck tried to attack the man in the red sweater, what was used to beat him?

   a. A hatchet
   b. A whip
   c. A club

5. What did Buck learn from the beating?

_____

6. Who bought Buck from the man in the red sweater?

   a. A saloon keeper
   b. Perrault
   c. Binghamton

7. How much did the man pay for Buck?

_____

8. Another dog was bought at the same time as Buck. What was its name?

   a. Curly
   b. Spitz
   c. Charlotte

9. What was the name of the boat that took Buck to the North?

   a. Arctic Storm
   b. Ice Queen
   c. The Narwhal

10. Did Buck think Perrault and Francois were:

    a. Cruel and mean
    b. Friendly
    c. Fair

11. What happened to Curly when she tried to be friendly with a big husky dog?

_____

12. When the dog Spitz "laughed" at what happened to Curly, how did Buck feel?

_____

13. What was the next big shock for Buck?

_____

14. Which dog was the leader of the sled's dog team?

a. Spitz
b. Buck
c. Dave

15. What commands were used to tell the sled dogs to stop and go?

_____

16. Who were the two new huskie dogs added to the sled dog team?

a. Billee and Joe
b. Frisky and Francois
c. Prince and Jake

Answers

1. The lack of water
2. a. Seattle
3. With a hatchet
4. c. A club
5. He could not win against a man with a club
6. b. Perrault
7. $300
8. a. Curly
9. c. The Narwhal
10. c. Fair
11. Curly was viciously attacked and killed.
12. Buck hated him with a bitter and deathless hatred.
13. To have a harness put on him to pull a sled. His dignity was hurt by being turned into a work animal.
14. a. Spitz
15. "Ho" meant to stop. "Mush" meant to go ahead.
16. a. Billee and Joe

Section 5

Moving Faster

Up to now you've learned what makes super speed reading work. And, since you've followed the instructions and completed the lessons, your current reading speed has surely increased from your starting rate.

However, nobody wants to settle for one dollar if he can get a hundred. We all want more. So, there's little doubt you will want to read faster than you are doing right now. And that's what this chapter is about.

It carefully explains, shows graphic examples, and teaches you the next step to super speed reading—two-group reading, the step which can efficiently boost your speed quite a bit above where you are now.

Use the Pacer that works best for you: your finger, a pencil, a pen, perhaps a carrot!

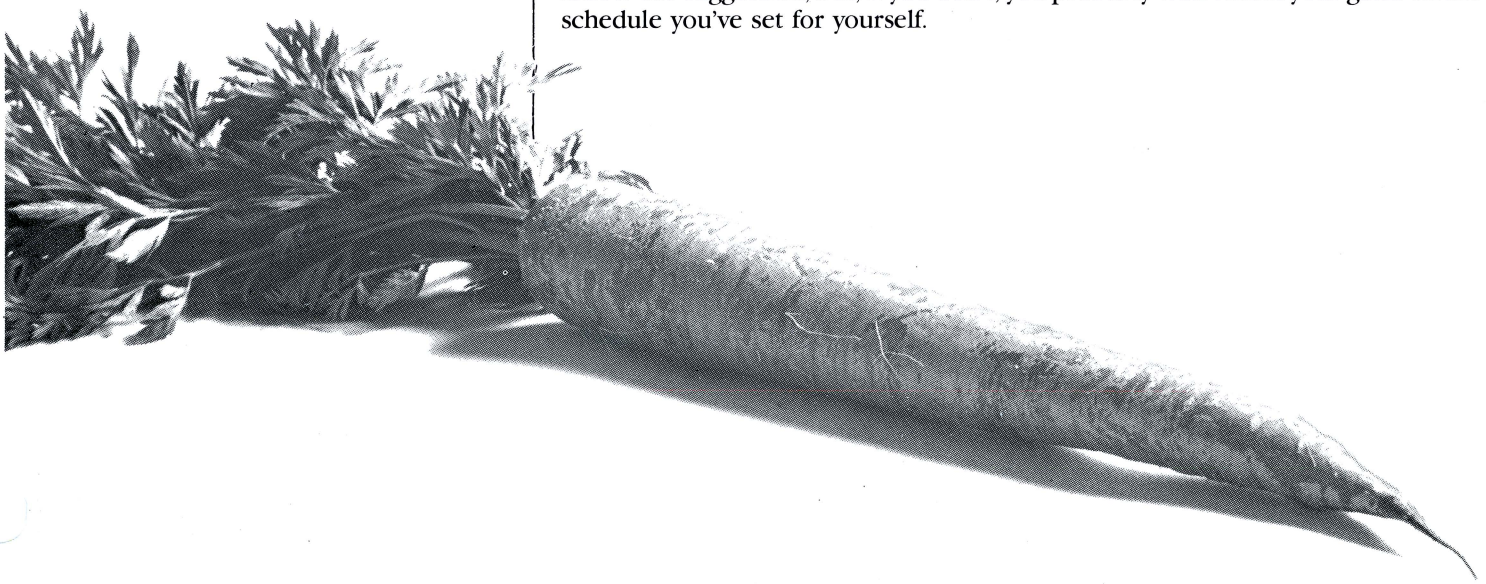
You are also introduced to

Different Types of Pacers

Each Pacer is slightly different. But they all are for the same purpose—to have your eyes move swiftly and steadily down the page, so that you won't have time to daydream, move your lips, or say the words silently to yourself.

There is no Pacer which is perfect for everyone under all reading conditions. Some readers will find they are more comfortable (and thus can relax and read faster) with one style of Pacer than with another. The way to find out is to experiment—try them all and see how you do. When you decide which Pacer is for you—use it for a week or two. Then, go back and experiment again with the other types. Because, as your skills increase, your Pacer preference might also change.

The program, at this time, will also automatically examine your charts to check the amount of practice you've done and your success. It will then recommend whether you are ready to proceed with the advanced methods described in this section or whether you would do better to repeat the last section. You don't have to follow the suggestion, but, if you don't, you probably won't meet your goals on the schedule you've set for yourself.



The 2 Group Practice Rules

Now that you're reaching for the next plateau in speed reading the practice rules are slighty different from those used before Please read them carefully and be sure you understand them before practicing.

1. Use the same or a similar type of book as before. Again, make sure it is simpler than your normal reading level. On the following pages we have included some sample practice text. You may find it interesting to work with this story material before, or in between the time you are using your own book.

2. Work with your own timer and metronome...or the ones supplied on your GREEN practice disk.

3. Before you begin reading your own book, do 3-5 minutes of high-speed warm-up on the computer.

4. Since reading in 2 groups is a brand new departure, you will be more comfortable and get better results this way: for the first 2 days of practice, read at speeds slightly below your last recorded speed. This will allow you to become adjusted to the new pacer.

5. Of course, you must use a pacer: the cardboard one, a pencil, even your finger—as demonstrated in the program.

6. Read in 5 minute periods. Rest for 2 minutes, and record your progress each period.

7. Continue through the book. Work a minimum of 1/2 hour per session, at least twice a day.

8. Follow these practice rules for a minimum of two weeks. (Unless you have shown satisfactory improvement—satisfactory to you!—please don't go to the next section. Instead, do another week or two of practicing.)

Pacer Note: As mentioned in #5 above, you may use any of the pacers you feel most comfortable with. A good idea is to experiment with each type for a session or so. However, once you've made a selection, stick with it for 1 or 2 weeks of practice. Jumping back and forth—from one type of pacer to another—will create minor chaos in your results, as it can disturb your reading rhythm.

Two Group Practice Comprehension

Once again we have provided special pages of text—followed by questions for you to answer.

Since you are now doing two-group reading, these story pages have a blue line running down the center, dividing the pages in two—to act as a guide for your type of Pacer.

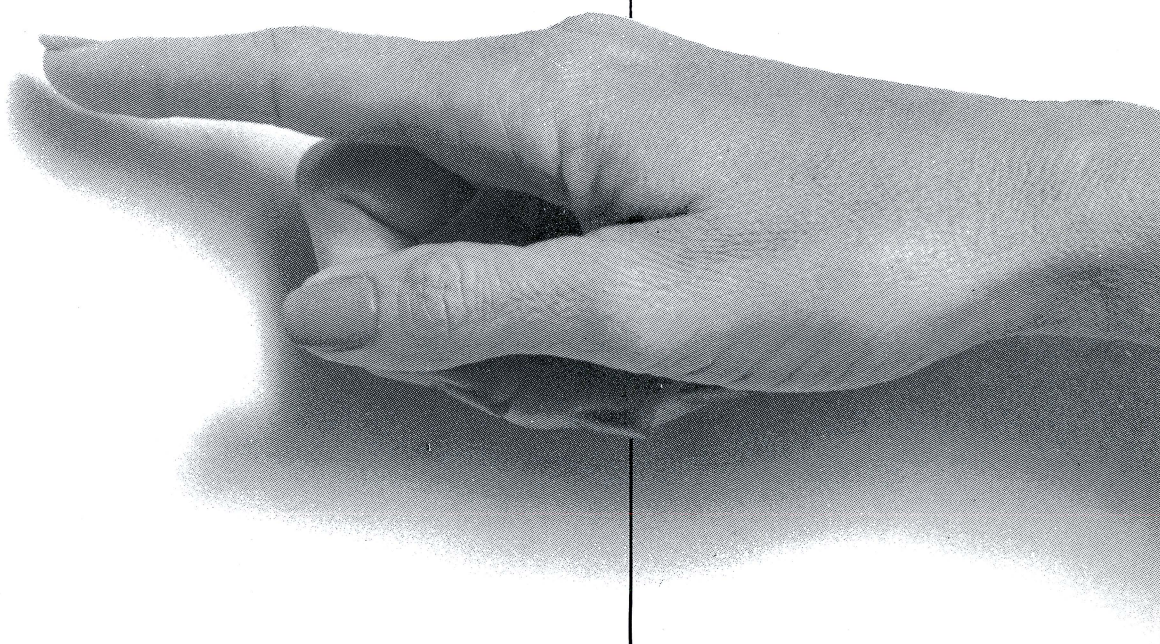
Before you begin, please go to page 79 and reread the paragraphs concerned with Comprehension.

Once you have, proceed in this manner.

1. Go to the GREEN disk, and do your 3-5 minutes of speed practice.

2. Read the next group of new story material, which follows this page, using your Pacer.

3. Since you are just at the start of learning to read in only two eye stops, please remember: do not be concerned if your current comprehension is not what you have been used to. It will improve greatly as the skills become natural and automatic through sufficient practice.



Alice in Wonderland

Average words per page: 390

THE ADVENTURES OF
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures in it, "and what good is a book without pictures?" thought Alice.

So she was thinking (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain was worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think is so very much strange to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear" Oh dear! I shall be too late!" (When she thought about it afterwards, it occurred to her that she should have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural.) But when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its pants pocket and looked at it and then hurried on, Alice started. For it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a Rabbit with either pants, or a watch to take out of them. And, burning with curiosity she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In another moment Alice went down after it, never once thinking how in the world she was to get out again!

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down—so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think before she was falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to. But it was too

dark to see very clearly. Then she looked at the sides of the well and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves. Here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed. It was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE," but to her great disappointment it was empty. She did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so she managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well," thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs. How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house." (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see, that would be four thousand miles down, I think" (for, you see, Alice had learned several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom. And while this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over). "Yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what latitude or longitude I've got to?" (Alice had not the slightest idea what latitude was, or longitude either. But she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall through the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think". (She was rather glad there was no one listening this time, as it didn't sound at all like the right word.) "But, I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" (She tried to curtsy as she spoke. Now!—fancy curtsying as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could do it?) "And what an

ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask. Perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much tonight, I should think!" (Dinah was her cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" For, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth. Did you ever eat a bat?" Then suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment. She looked up, but it was all dark overhead. Before her was another long passage, and the white rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost. Away went Alice like the wind, and she was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen. She found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked. And when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again. Suddenly she came upon a little three legged table, all made of solid glass. There was nothing on it but a tiny golden key.

Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors in the hall. But alas, either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time around, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high. She tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fit!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole. She knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains. But she could not even get her head through the doorway. "And even if I got my head through," thought Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope. I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately that Alice had begun to think that nothing was really impossible!

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table. She half hoped she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes. This time she found a little bottle on it ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words, "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked 'poison'. For she had read several little stories about children who had got burned, and eaten up by wild animals, and other unpleasant things, all because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them—such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long, and that if you cut your finger

very deeply it usually bleeds. And she had never forgotten that if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was not marked "poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavor of cherry pie, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice, "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

And so it was indeed. She was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further. She felt a little nervous about this, "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once. But alas for poor Alice, when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key. And when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it. She could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table. But it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

"Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself, rather sharply. "I advise you to stop that this minute!" She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herslf so severely as to make herself cry. And once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game

of croquet she was playing against herself—for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. "But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!"

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table. She opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words, "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in icing. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can get the key. And if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door. So either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens."

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? Which way," holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing. She was quite suprised to find that she remained the same size. To be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake. But Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

Chapter 2

"Curiouser and curiouser," cried Alice (she was so surprised that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English). "Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-by, feet" (for when she looked down at her feet they seemed to be almost out of sight they were getting so far off). "Oh my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you. You must manage the best way you can, but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't

walk the way I want to go! Let me see. I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. "They must go by the carrier," she thought. "And how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet. And how odd the directions will look!

Alice's Right Foot, Esq.
Hearthrug,
near the Fender.
(with Alice's love.)

"Oh dear, what nonsense I'm talking."

Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall. In fact she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye, but to get through was more hopeless than ever. She sat down and began to cry again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a big girl like you, to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. He came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting?" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one. So, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, "If your please, sir—" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and ran

away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking. "Dear, dear! How queer everything is today! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've changed in the night? Let me think. Was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, who in the world am I? Ah that's the great puzzle!" And she began thinking about all the children she knew, that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all. And I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides she's she, and I'm I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However the multiplication table doesn't count. Let's try geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, that's all wrong, I'm sure! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say 'How did the little—'" and she crossed her hands on her lap, as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to.

Alice in Wonderland

Test Questions

1. Alice saw a white rabbit. What was different about him?

   _____

2. Describe the rabbit hole.

   _____

3. What did the label on the jar on the shelf say?

   a. Strawberry Jam
   b. Orange Marmalade
   c. Grape Jelly

4. How many miles did Alice think she had fallen down the hole?

   a. 4000 miles
   b. 10 miles
   c. 200 miles

5. What was the name of Alice's cat?

   a. Heather
   b. Dinah
   c. Missy

6. Fill in the last word of this sentence that Alice said over and over while she was falling: "Do cats eat_____?

7. Describe the long hall Alice found herself in after she landed.

   _____

8. Where did Alice find the tiny golden key?

   a. On a little glass table
   b. On the floor
   c. In a jewel box

9. When Alice opened the little door, and peeked through it, what did she see?

   a. A funny telescope
   b. The white rabbit dancing
   c. The loveliest garden you ever saw.

10. What did Alice find on the table the second time?

    _____

11. What happened when Alice drank the contents of the bottle?

    _____

Answers

1. He talked, and a carried a watch in his pants pocket
2. It was a long tunnel which suddenly dipped down
3. b. Orange Marmalade
4. a. 4000 miles
5. b. Dinah
6. Do cats eat bats?
7. It had lamps hanging from the roof, and many locked doors all around the hall
8. a. On a little glass table
9. c. The loveliest garden you ever saw
10. A little bottle with a label saying "Drink Me"
11. She shrank until she was only ten inches high and couldn't reach the key on the table.
12. A small cake with the words "Eat Me" marked in the icing
13. She grew until she was over 9 feet tall
14. a. White kid gloves and a large fan
15. b. Ada and Mabel

12. What did Alice find in the little glass box under the table?

13. What happened when Alice ate the cake?

14. What was the White Rabbit carrying when he reappeared?

a. White kid gloves and a large fan
b. A top hat and black shoes
c. A red coat and orange pants

15. Alice thought about two of her friends. Name them.

a. Mary and Jennie
b. Ada and Mabel
c. Honey and Babs

Section 6

Expansion for Super Speed

If you've completed the program lessons to this point, your word-group reading has probably tripled your reading speed—perhaps quadrupled it. If it hasn't, or if you're just not quite at ease with your new skills, don't let it worry you. There's no rush. *After all, isn't it worth taking a few more days or weeks to solidify your gains, when you're learning a new skill which you'll use for the rest of your life?* Your best approach, under these conditions, is to spend more time on the prior lessons—and more time practicing!—until your speed has improved and you feel at home with your new method of reading.

(Perhaps you need a reminder that you can become a very fast reader? Well, then, go to the GREEN disk, and try the FLASH PRACTICE. Have the words flash by at 1,000, 1,500, 4,000 wpm, or even a higher speed. You'll see you can read at these great speeds, and that should renew your enthusiasm immediately.)

If you have achieved satisfactory success, then it's time to move to...

... the next plateau of Super Speed Reading.

Believe it or not, you will now be taught how to read an entire line at once, rather than with 2 or 3 eye stops. Of course, to accomplish this will take more effort than you've exerted up to now. For example, you'll find out how to expand and widen your vision in your daily life and you'll be expected to practice. As you learn to widen your eye span—usually called your peripheral vision—viewing entire lines in one glance will become extremely easy.

Despite the fact that these new ideas are reasonable and rational, some readers will still find them psychologically difficult to accept at first. So, you're asked to figuratively put one toe into the water: to start working with newspaper columns. These are fairly narrow, but they are entire lines. By practicing with newspapers your brain will gradually accept the idea of full-line reading. Next, you will graduate to practicing with magazine columns—choosing magazines whose columns are wider than those in the paper. This way you'll gradually "sneak up" to accepting the idea of encompassing entire lines from your books.

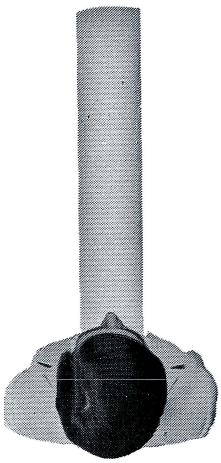
When you're ready to go on to books you will still use a Pacer. However, your friendly cardboard pacer will be discarded, as it would be difficult to handle at very high speeds. (Though this type of Pacer still works extremely well when controlled by your computer.)

From now on, you will depend upon your finger or perhaps a pencil... though the way you use them will be different than demonstrated before.

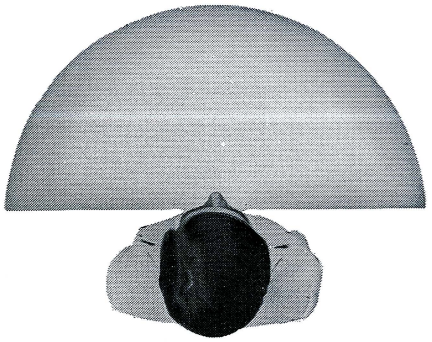
Depending upon your own preference, the new Pacers will be used for "full strokes" or as a "flick". The program shows you visual examples of each operation, so it's enough to state that with the "full stroke" you run your pencil or finger down the edge of the page... while with the "flick" you have your hand placed so your forefinger is at the top right hand corner of the book page. Then you just bend it in a small arc ("flicking" it) as you start each page. With either method, you do not concentrate on the Pacer itself. Rather, you are barely conscious of it out of the

corner of your eye. When you're used to it, you'll find that its motion will be enough to prompt your eyes to move down the page.

Over the years it's been shown that even the fast "full stroke" method is considered too restricting, or time consuming for the exceptionally fast reader. Thus, they end up depending almost totally upon the "flick" method. However, we feel it would be a mistake—at this point in your learning cycle—to go that way. Instead, we recommend you work and practice for quite awhile with the "full stroke". When that is mastered, then experiment with the "flick"—and if you like it, switch over to it.



Tunnel vision.



Peripheral vision.

Training for the Big Leap

Naturally, you won't try to do full-line reading immediately. Such a great jump might be frustrating at your current level... and you would, perhaps unconsciously, return to reading in word-groups.

Therefore, you are led into this new method by a special exercise. Its purpose is to assist you in becoming at ease with using this wider eye-span—to become so comfortable with viewing an entire line at a time that you'll be able to do it automatically. For that reason, during this particular exercise, you should forget comprehension... forget trying to actually read. Just practice to expand your eye-span so it becomes second nature. How will you do this? By practicing at extremely high speeds. You will use your new Pacer technique and zip along at speeds from 2000 to 3000 wpm. (Work with the timer and metronome on the computer, or use your own.)

When you read at these speeds—which are higher than your current ability—you will be able to let go and relax, because you'll "know" you can't read that fast yet. Thus you can put all your concentration on viewing the full-lines until it becomes a habit. Now, even though you realize you're just practicing for technique, you might become frustrated. If so, it's really because you are not yet relaxed, and are "cheating" by trying to read anyway! **The solution? Practice at an even faster speed.**

Once you feel ready to move on, there are several practice programs indicated for you. As you'll note, they'll have you do high-speed warm ups on the computer before you use your normal books.

After sufficient practice you'll have reached a new speed reading plateau. In order to retain your new skill, use it at all times until it becomes as automatic for you as riding a bicycle. Once it does, you'll be able to do all your reading in far less time with even more enjoyment and comprehension.

E-x-p-a-n-s-i-o-n Practice

This is the big leap. This is where you take the giant step forward that makes the difference between a fast reader and a super speed reader! And the secret, again, is to faithfully practice the new techniques until they become almost second-nature.

In A,B,C terms, you can't become a super speed reader unless you can take-in an entire line at once. You can't view an entire line at once until you have expanded your eye-span. And you can't expand your eye-span without the proper training.

This is the way to train... to widen your eye span.

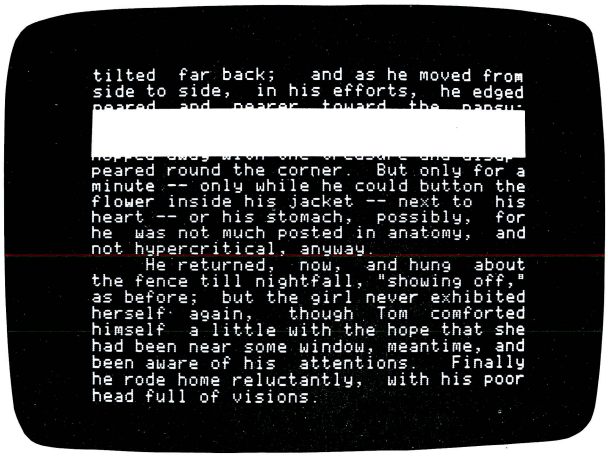
1. Review the perhipheral vision explanation and demonstration in this section of the program. Follow the suggestions in your daily life, when you walk, drive etc.

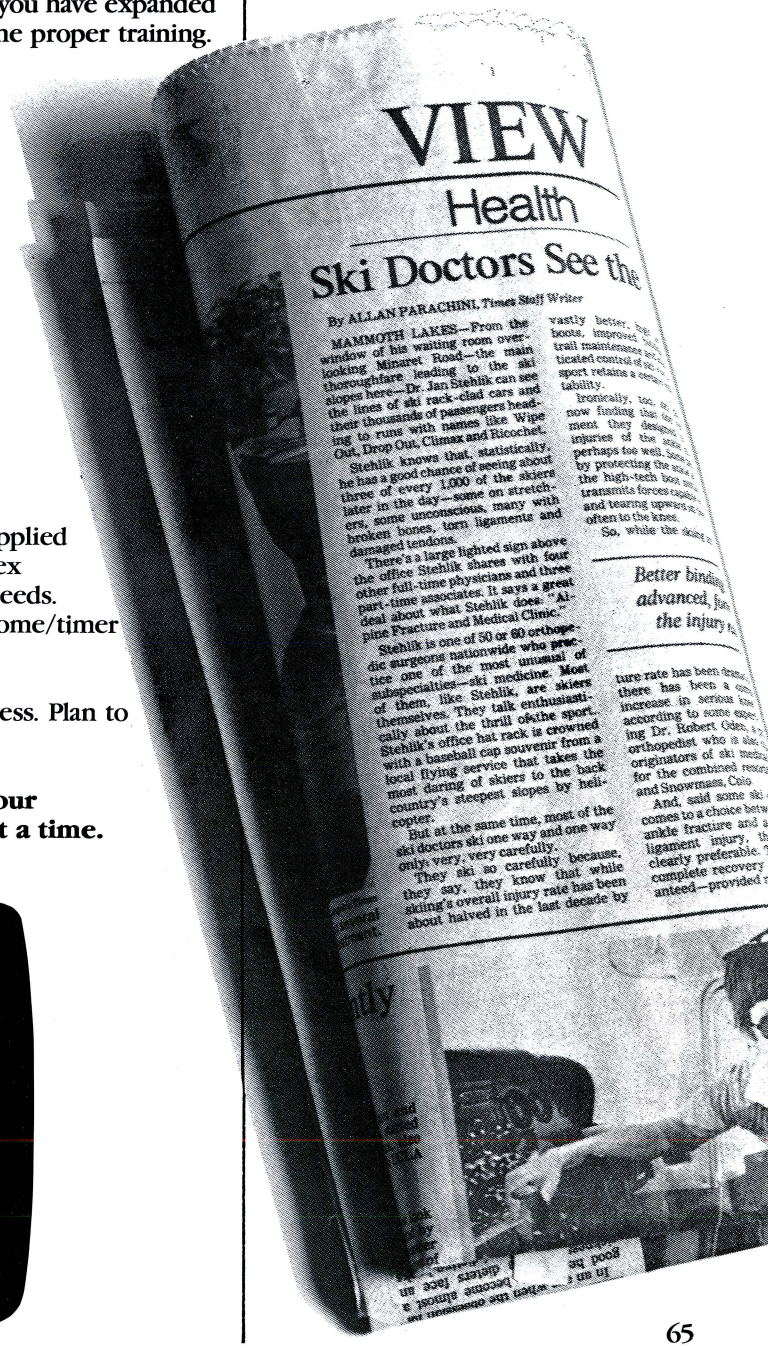
2. Use the PACER PRACTICE on the GREEN disk. Select 0 arrows. Choose a high speed. Do not strive for comprehension at all. Just practice to see the entire width of the lines. Do this as frequently as possible. (In between, try the FLASH PRACTICE at higher speeds. It's a great confidence builder.)

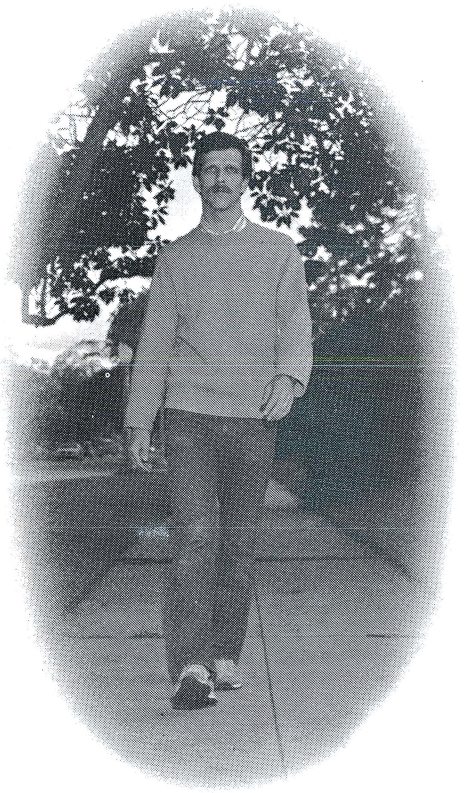
3. Be sure to practice with your own books as well. Or you might prefer to use the story text we've supplied at the end of this manual. Either way, use your index finger or a pencil as your pacer. Go at very high speeds. To keep the proper speed/rhythm, use the metronome/timer function on the disk.

4. This exercise is extremely important to your progress. Plan to spend 5-10 days at it—more if necessary.

Follow the above exercise until you feel confident your eye span is expanded and you can view an entire line at a time.


tilted far back; and as he moved from
side to side, in his efforts, he edged
peared round the corner. But only for a
minute -- only while he could button the
flower inside his jacket -- next to his
heart -- or his stomach, possibly, for
he was not much posted in anatomy, and
not hypercritical, anyway.
He returned, now, and hung about
the fence till nightfall, "showing off,"
as before; but the girl never exhibited
herself again, though Tom comforted
himself a little with the hope that she
had been near some window, meantime, and
been aware of his attentions. Finally
he rode home reluctantly, with his poor
head full of visions.


VIEW
Health
Ski Doctors See the
By ALLAN PARACHINI, Times Staff Writer
MAMMOTH LAKES—From the window of his waiting room overlooking Minaret Road—the main thoroughfare leading to the ski slopes here—Dr. Jan Stehlik can see the lines of ski rack-clad cars and their thousands of passengers heading to runs with names like Wipe Out, Drop Out, Climax and Ricochet.
Stehlik knows that, statistically, he has a good chance of seeing about three of every 1,000 of the skiers later in the day—some on stretchers, some unconscious, many with broken bones, torn ligaments and damaged tendons.
There's a large lighted sign above the office Stehlik shares with four other full-time physicians and three part-time associates. It says a great deal about what Stehlik does: "Alpine Fracture and Medical Clinic."
Stehlik is one of 50 or 60 orthopedic surgeons nationwide who practice one of the most unusual of subspecialties—ski medicine. Most of them, like Stehlik, are skiers themselves. They talk enthusiastically about the thrill of the sport. Stehlik's office hat rack is crowned with a baseball cap souvenir from a local flying service that takes the most daring of skiers to the back country's steepest slopes by helicopter.
But at the same time, most of the ski doctors ski one way and one way only: very, very carefully.
They ski so carefully because, they say, they know that while skiing's overall injury rate has been about halved in the last decade by



Practice expanding your peripheral vision in everyday life— even when you stroll down the street or drive a car.

High Speed Practicing

Week One.

1. For the first 5 minutes use the high speed technique on your computer.
2. For the second 5 minutes period, switch to the book you intend to use. Go at high speeds only. Rest 2 minutes in between.
3. Now spend 5 minutes reading at your current speed, and using your full-line eye span.
4. Repeat steps 1, 2 and 3, taking your breaks in between.
5. Follow the same procedure twice a day. Each day try to increase your regular reading speed by about 20%.
6. Record your practice results from step #3 only.

Week Two

1. This week, begin each session with the high speed rate on the computer.
2. Next go to your book. Read at a high speed rate for 5 minutes. Then, read at your latest speed for the next 5 minutes. Alternate this procedure for the remainder of the practice session. Again, try to push up your current speed each day.
3. Record your practice results during your 2 minute breaks.

Week Three

1. During the third week, start each session with 5 minutes of high speed computer practice.
2. Follow this with one high speed session with your book.
3. Complete the session with your book at your current speed.
4. Record your results from step #3.

More Practice Suggestions

It is recommended that you start and complete the above practice exercises using the FULL STROKE action with your Pacer. When you are satisfied your reading has improved and you are entirely comfortable with this approach, you may try the FLICK method. When you do so, repeat the above 3 week exercise.

Just 5 minutes? Some readers find they are just getting into their book at 5 minutes... and stopping cold at that time interrupts their enjoyment and their rhythm. If that applies to you, then here's good news. 5 minutes is the minimum suggested for reading at a stretch, as less than that does not seem to produce good results. If you wish to read 10, 15, 30 or even 60 minutes at a stretch, please do so. Vary the time to suit yourself, to feel comfortable, to get the most out your sessions.

It's more than good, it's great, if your practice segments are longer than 5 minutes.

NEC
Tunnel Vision
Peripheral Vision
You want to practice, to widen your eye span, so you can start taking in every thing from your shoulders forward! Try it. While you are looking at the screen, try to see the rest of the room towards the sides as well.
(Space) to Continue

Section 7

School, Business & Computer Techniques

There are specialized techniques for all your specialized reading needs.

There's more to our reading life than the regular run of books, newspapers and magazines.

Most of us have specialized reading needs as well—for school, business or hobbies. Fortunately, the techniques you've learned and the skills you've acquired with Super Speed Reading can be adapted to these uses.

When we move on to these specialized reading areas two other important reading methods come into play. They are called:

SCANNING
and
SKIMMING

They are similar yet different. Since that statement sounds pretty confusing, let's define both terms.

Scanning: This is a technique to use when you are looking for very specific information. For example, if you want to find a particular name in your telephone book, a specific word in the dictionary, an individual command in a computer program, or perhaps a definite subject or name in a magazine article, you scan.

Under these conditions it certainly would not make sense to read and absorb pages of non-essential material when you might wish to find just a single word! That would only clutter your mind in addition to slowing down your search. So, instead of reading, you scan.

To utilize scanning, you first spend a few seconds preparing your mind for the task. In a way, you might say you're telling your brain, "Hey, let's not read... let's just look for this specific item!" To put it another way, you set your mind to look for the specific "trigger" word(s) which is your target. Then, you cover the material at a speed reading rate. You'll discover that, with only a little practice, the looked-for "trigger word(s)" will almost leap off the page at you.

Skimming: This is a short-cut technique. You use it when you want to quickly understand the basic content of the material, but are not interested in the writing style or the lesser points of information. In other words, you skim in order to get a solid overview of the material without the frills or superfluous details.

The secret to skimming is this: you do what is called "key word" reading. Here, as with scanning, you spend a few seconds giving orders to your brain. You set your mind to pick out only the important or significant words in the material. (You'll find these key-words are frequently the nouns and verbs.)

Words such as "the", "and", "when", and words used for style and description or to expand on the major points are totally ignored. With the proper mind-set and some practice you'll find your brain will almost magically obey your command to skim.

The beauty of the skimming technique is that it will give you about 70% of your usual comprehension rate in an extraordinarily short time. And 70% is enough so you can understand the basic ideas presented in the material, and sufficient to let you decide if you wish to read it completely.

Now, let's examine each of these specialty areas of reading.

SCHOOL WORK

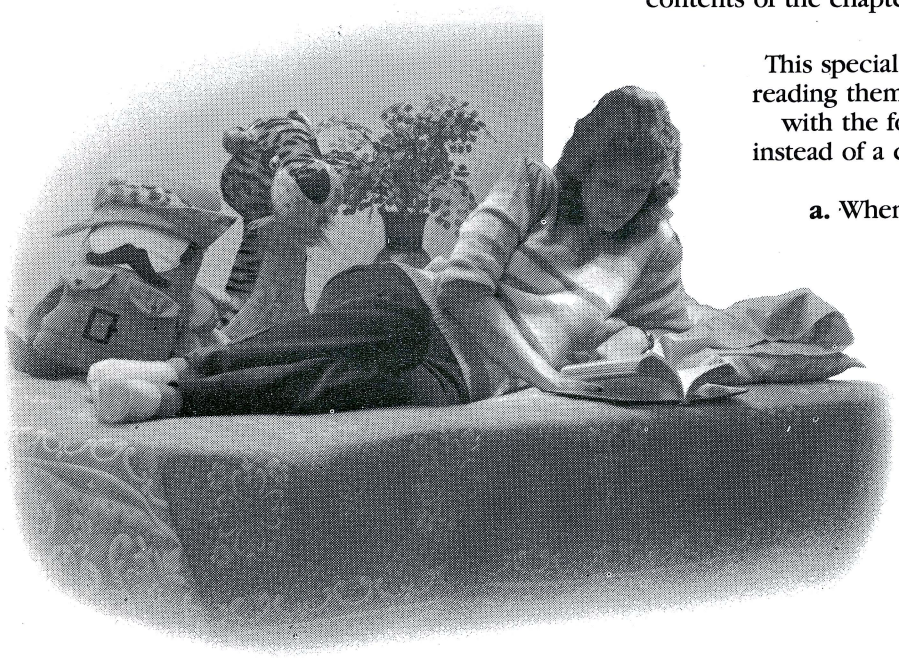
If you're a student you can really rejoice, as your super speed reading skills will save you hours upon hours of valuable time each term or semester. You'll be able to cover your textbook homework and outside study assignments not only faster, but more efficiently and effectively. That will give you more free time for extra studying or more freedom to take part in those extra curricular activities you've been missing.

However, to use your new skills to best advantage, and for the comprehension demanded by school subjects, there are special techniques needed. As you learn to master them, you'll find studying is both faster and more enjoyable.

Note: Before you start reading a new textbook, always preview the entire book first. This means you should read the information on the book jacket, the information on the flaps and the table of contents. If there is a preface or introduction, read those also. These will provide you with a good understanding of the book's topic and how the ideas are organized. Such understanding will increase your comprehension because it gives you a framework to relate to each chapter.

To begin, take a look at a few of your textbooks. Notice anything? Sure you do. Whether you're using grade school, high school or college level textbooks, they have a format quite different from non-educational books. Most textbooks use the same, standard set-up. That set-up, basically, consists of 3 parts:

1. There is a Chapter heading.
2. Bold face type is used to set off and emphasize the main ideas or major facts which are then immediately expanded upon.
3. At the end of each chapter you will find questions based upon the contents of the chapter.



This special make-up of textbooks dictates your method of reading them. By combining your new speed reading ability with the following rules, your studying will become a joy instead of a chore. Well, if not a joy, at least more palatable!

a. When you start your chapter, use your pacer and go through it at your current speed reading rate. However, get your mind set and use the skimming technique.

b. Since you are skimming, relax. Do not try to absorb the entire chapter. Instead, concentrate mainly on the bold face type and any pictures or charts. This will give you an overview of the main information in the chapter.

c. Go to the questions at the end of the chapter. Speed read them several times, in a skimming fashion.

What Have You Accomplished to This Point?

Well, with the information you've gained just from the bold face type and from the questions at the chapter's end, you basically have the author's original outline for the chapter! You know what the author considered most important.

All that is necessary is to fill in the gaps... the details that round out the chapter. Since you have the skeleton—it only needs to be fleshed out. And your mind will now be receptive and alert for that information. Now you do the following:

d. Return to the beginning of the chapter and speed read the entire chapter several times without pause.

This special approach makes use of your new, faster reading abilities combined with the skimming technique. As you become familiar with its use, you'll find it allows you to finish your assigned reading quicker or to do more work than usual. If you were so inclined you could, within a few homework periods, actually go through your entire textbook—resulting in an excellent overview of the entire course and a greater understanding of the teacher's or professor's classroom discussions or lectures. You will also notice that your comprehension will be better than in the old, slow, word-by-word reading.

Can This Be Applied to Exams & Tests?

It certainly can, with certain modifications. For example, tests and exams are based on the work done up to that time. If you've read your textbook as outlined above, you can now use your speed reading to review the chapters the test will cover. You can also speed read your notes. (A good reason for writing them clearly!) Thus, in a few minutes, you'll be up to date.

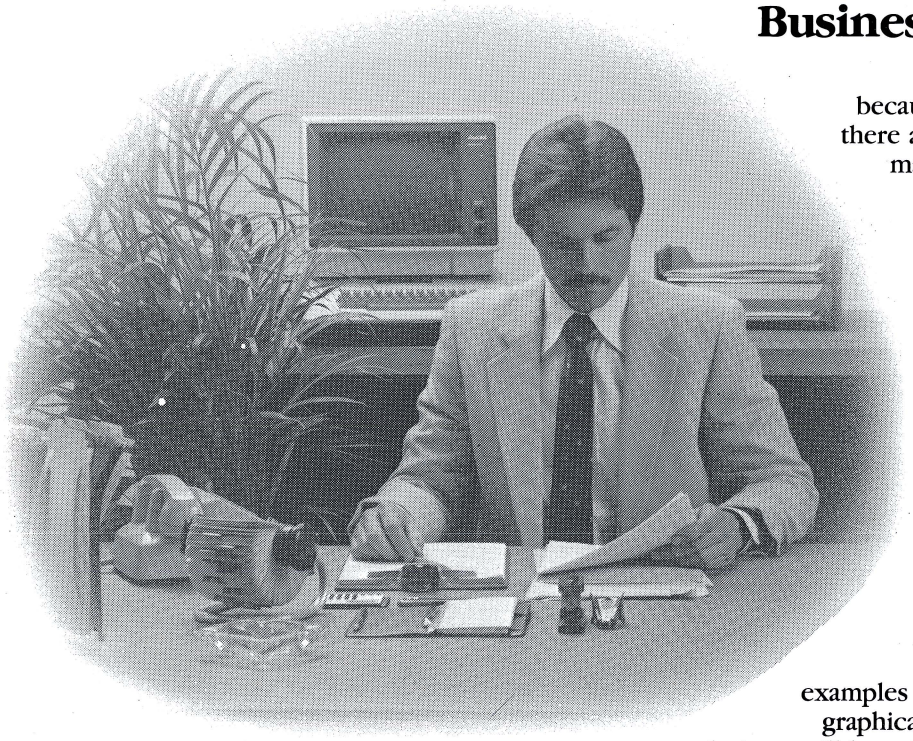
Then, when you receive the test, you should identify what kind of exam it is: multiple choice, essay, true/false etc. At that point, set your mind for skimming... and skim away.

After you have skimmed through and covered all the questions, you will know the thrust of the exam, and will also have seen if certain questions are linked to others. You should now attack the test by first answering all the questions you know, and skipping those where you are in doubt—or which, like essay types, will take time. When that is complete, skim those remaining—and locate any which are linked, tied to, or based upon those you've already answered. If there are any, you'll discover that the answer to one question will frequently provide a strong hint to the correct answer for the other.

By following these guides you will have covered the bulk of the exam in record time. This will leave you with a much greater amount of time to think about and handle any remaining questions. Overall, your grades should please you thanks to your new skills.

Imagine how it will feel to spend far less time with your books while understanding them a lot better.

Business Reading



Time is precious to the business person, because, to repeat a cliche, time is money. Yet, there always seems to be an unending stream of material that "must" be read: trade journals, reports, technical books and that bane of the executive's existence, memos. Super Speed Reading, along with the scanning and skimming techniques, can give you control over your business reading. It keeps you from getting hung up on words and lets you absorb the ideas so you get the total picture rather than becoming lost in extraneous details. You learn how to cover the material in a fraction of the time it once took—how to pick and choose what is necessary to read. Such conservation of time and effort results in more free time for other, more productive business.

Scanning is of great use to the business executive. You will find several on-screen examples within this section of the program. These graphically demonstrate how to scan. Usually, this technique will be called into use in order to identify if certain written material contains very specific subjects or names of interest to you. These might be columns in the trades discussing executive promotions, articles which might mention your company or products, or which might contain reference to specific items. If scanning does reveal contents of interest, you can then decide to read the material. If it doesn't then you won't have to waste your time fruitlessly.

Skimming will be used, for example, when the title of an article in a business publication indicates it contains information you want and need—or, perhaps, when you receive reports from associates or knowledgeable outside sources. However, much material of this type is redundant, overwritten and tedious to say the least and very time consuming. Since, in most cases you do not need to absorb every fact, figure, or statement, you use the skimming skills.

These will give you an intelligent overview of the entire article or report. You will achieve about 70% comprehension, which is certainly sufficient for the majority of material that comes across your desk... and enough to let you know if it's worth your time to do a complete reading.

Section 7, on the BLUE disk, will show you interesting examples of how to utilize this approach with report reading. It will do the same for memos.

Memos are like weeds in any sizable organization. You can't get rid of them and they multiply without attention. Of course, a well written, terse memo is a joy to behold. Unfortunately, we hardly behold many. Because most memo writers ramble on and on, the memos become great time wasters. And that is the one commodity in which you are limited. So, anything to speed up memo handling is important to the business person.

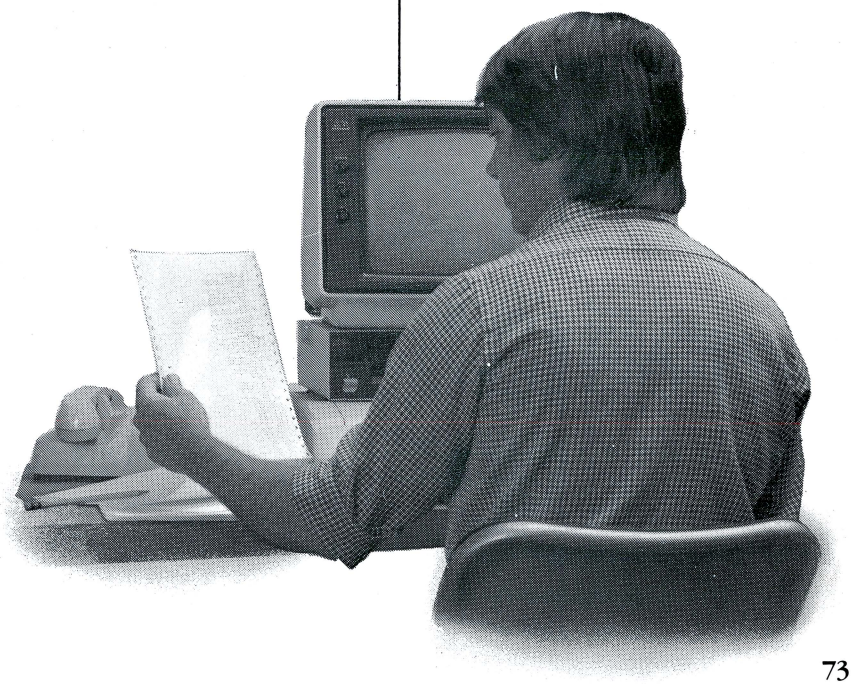
Two approaches are demonstrated. Pay close attention to these examples and then practice putting them into use. You'll be delighted when you find your new reading skills and skimming techniques really will help you master the memo monster!

Computer Code Uses

Some of you are steeped in the world of computers, and enjoy writing programs. If this is you, then there always comes the time when you list the program and/or code on the screen, or your printer.

Usually, you are looking for a bug, a glitch or have decided to make a change etc. etc. And always there are lines and lines of complicated looking code to review. Not only is it frightening to contemplate but the time it takes is unreal!

This situation is near perfect for your scanning skills. As mentioned before— where scanning was explained— you set your mind to look for the specific "trigger" word/command you want to find. If you are listing on the monitor, let the screen scroll. If you're working with a hard copy print-out, go over it using your personal form of pacer. Once you've become familiar with using the technique, you'll find that locating your looked-for "trigger" item will be simple. For a sample of such a search, check this section on the BLUE disk.



8. Green Disk
Practice test/charts

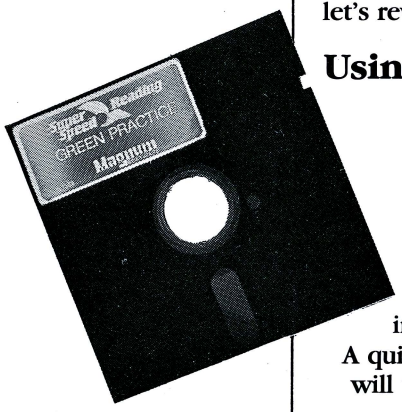
8. Green Disk
Practice test/charts

Section 8

Practice Texts & Charts

It's not truly descriptive to just say the GREEN Disk has practice texts and charts. That's a bit like saying the Grand Canyon has rocks and trees. Actually, there's a lot more to it.

All of the features on the disk were not listed on the Menu because of space. So, let's review them step by step.



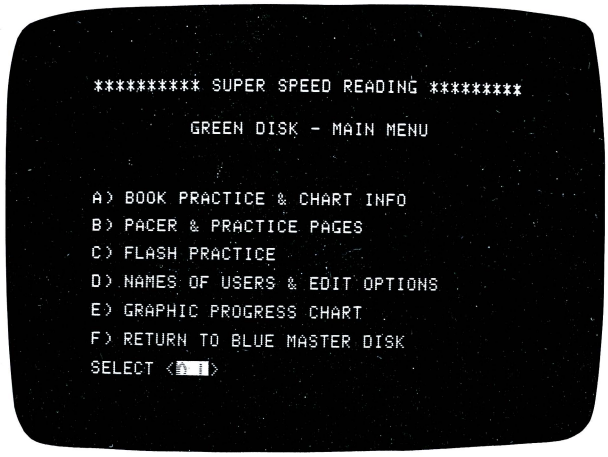
Using the GREEN.

In order to use the GREEN disk, you must first and always start out by turning on the computer and inserting the BLUE disk. At that point you enter your name and select either CURRENT USER or BROWSING (NEW USER won't work.). If you choose BROWSING, you then need to select a browsing speed, which brings you to the Main Menu where you select #8. Next you are asked to insert the GREEN disk, which then will display its Menu.

A quicker method is to choose CURRENT USER (providing you are one!) You will then be asked to insert the GREEN disk. When that happens you will see the GREEN disk contents page or Menus and are ready to start.

The Green Main Menu

Here you see 6 possible selections, as follows:


********** SUPER SPEED READING **********
GREEN DISK - MAIN MENU
A) BOOK PRACTICE & CHART INFO
B) PACER & PRACTICE PAGES
C) FLASH PRACTICE
D) NAMES OF USERS & EDIT OPTIONS
E) GRAPHIC PROGRESS CHART
F) RETURN TO BLUE MASTER DISK
SELECT <A-F>

Let's examine them in sequence.

A> BOOK PRACTICE & CHART INFO

This area is for use when you are reading your own books. Briefly, it makes your practicing much easier and it keeps a record of the books you have used in your practice sessions and tells you how fast you are curently reading.

When you choose this particular option, you go to a special menu where your name, your starting and latest reading speeds are displayed. You may then decide to

The Green Disk is loaded with features you'll find useful for years and years.

start a New Practice Session, to review the records of your past practice sessions or return to the Main program. (2 other functions are listed but they only apply if you are in the midst of practicing.)

When you select New Practice Session, it means you intend to practice with your own, personal books. Therefore, the names of any books you've used previously are displayed. You have the option to continue practicing with a book you've used before, or beginning a new one.

If you choose the same book, you only have to decide if you wish to use the clock and metronome sound. However, if you are starting a new book then you need to enter its title, the number of words per line, and lines per page. Of course, you may also choose to use the on-screen clock, and the metronome sound.

We strongly suggest you always use the computer clock which you'll see on your screen. It relieves you of having to keep your own time and you can count on it being accurate. By also using the metronome sound, you will be able to keep a rhythm to your reading.

What it comes down to is: all you'll have to do is get comfortable with your book—press the Space Bar to tell the clock to begin timing you—and then start reading.

When the time is up, the clock will RING! If you wish to quit before that, just press the Space Bar. Then answer a few questions as to how many pages and extra lines you covered—and all the mathematics will be done and displayed on the screen. (While other areas have a 3000 wpm limit, your charts will list speeds above that figure.)

You may then continue the session, save the records for your chart, edit any errors, return to the main program or quit the session.

B> PACER & PRACTICE PAGES

If any section on this disk is more necessary than others, this is it. Because it contains the all-important PACERS.

Here you have the opportunity to put the PACER into action, using it on a variety of story pages. And you can direct it to pace your reading at any speed you want. This is especially valuable as it provides you with controlled Pacer movements—which are so necessary for changing your old, ingrained reading habits as well as for the high speed warm-ups.

If it hasn't been said vigorously enough before, let us repeat it: the PACER in this practice section, and in your own book reading, is the key to becoming a super speed reader. Please don't skip it, ignore it or forget it.

This area offers the following:

1. It provides you with 120 pages of story text in upper and lower case. (For your information, each screen-page of text is considered to have an 'average' of 150 words per page)

2. You can have the text appear in any of 3 different type styles for your reading comfort.

3. You may select from 3 pacers. 0 arrows, 1 arrow, or 2 arrows.

4. You may choose the speed you want your pacer to travel over the text—from 100 wpm to 3000 wpm.

5. You may elect to have the sound of the metronome as a rhythmic, pacing aid.

6. You may select the pages you wish to practice with in groups of 20 pages.

Note: When the above choices are offered, the brackets, ( ), at the end of each selection indicate the current or standard selections. **To change them to something else, simply press the LETTER one or more times.**

C> FLASH PRACTICE

This area gives you a chance to reinforce your belief in your ability to truly read fast. It can also help to improve your perception (fast recognition of letter shapes and words)—and it is a good exercise to build eye muscle control so you can move your eyes swiftly in your reading pattern. The FLASH PRACTICE also provides a bit of fun and amusement at the same time. (After all, who decreed that learning has to be dull?)

Here you'll have the opportunity to select certain speeds at which various visuals will appear. For example:

1. Words and phrases.
2. Groups of numbers.
3. Phrases in which the vowels have been left out.

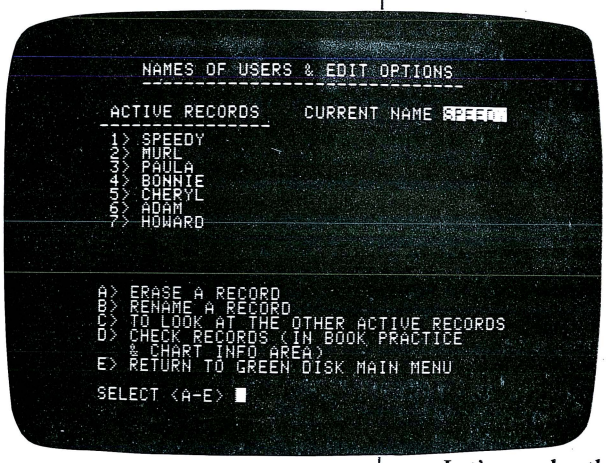
The words and phrases will be easiest to read. The number groups will be more difficult. As for item number 3, here's an example: WHO LIVES THERE? might appear as WH_ L_V_S TH_RE? This exercise is included to demonstrate that your mind recognizes word shapes and will almost automatically "fill in the blanks" (providing the word is in your vocabulary). In other words, even when letters are missing, you'll "see" the entire word! This is part of the reason speed reading works so well. While you speed over pages of text—even though you don't see every letter or character—your mind will fill in the gaps for you.

While the FLASH PRACTICE area may remind you of the flash-cards used in grade school, it is more closely related to the tachistoscope techniques. Either way, it works! And when you find you can actually view and understand certain phrases at speeds of 500, 1000 or 10,000, wpm you'll never question your ability to master this skill again.

D> NAMES OF USERS & EDIT OPTIONS

Press the key for this option and the screen will display the names of all of the people using the program—with a limit of ten. (If you need room for more than ten, they should go on the backup copy of this disk which, as you recall, it was suggested you make.)

It will also show your name in the upper right as Current User. At the bottom you will see the following options:



A> ERASE A RECORD
B> RENAME A RECORD
C> TO LOOK AT THE OTHER
ACTIVE RECORDS
D> CHECK RECORDS (IN BOOK PRACTICE
& CHART INFO AREA)
E> RETURN TO GREEN MAIN MENU

Why are they there? And what do they mean anyway? Glad you asked. Basically, they are CONVENIENCE options. They are not necessary at all. But they let you do things you might want to do—and if you couldn't do them you'd be disappointed.

Let's run by them in alphabetical order.

A> ERASE A RECORD: If you have too many records on the disk, and want to reuse the space, this lets you delete a record at a time. Or, if you put in a fake name while Browsing, you may not want to keep it, so you can erase it. Note: there must be more than one name entered in order to erase a record.

Also, as a safety measure, you are not permitted to directly erase the Name shown in the upper right of the screen as Current User. (If you do wish to erase that particular name, be clever: use option "C", then option "A".)

B> RENAME A RECORD: Perhaps there was a typing error and you misspelled a name. This lets you make the correction.

C> TO LOOK AT THE OTHER ACTIVE RECORDS: Maybe you're a parent and want to check out how your child is doing—or maybe you're the kid and just want to see how much faster you're reading than your folks—this is the key to use. Just press it, and put in the Number of the person's records you want to review. (Remember, though, if you intend to return to the BLUE teaching disk, change the name back to yours... or the results will go under the name now in use!!)

Once you've picked the person to check up on, you then press the following key:

D> CHECK RECORDS (In Book Practice & Chart Info Area): Yes, you press this one. It takes you directly to the records listed under the BOOK PRACTICE & CHART INFO section. Then you may look at the beginning speed, current speed, the books used for practice, and the speeds achieved.

Press E to return to Green Main Menu for the last 2 items described below.

E> GRAPHIC PROGRESS CHART Select this letter from the Main Menu on the GREEN disk when you'd like to see a graphic representation of your reading speeds. It uses Bar Charts to show your starting speed along with the latest 15 practice sessions as listed under your name. Because of space restrictions, it cannot display more than 15 Bars at a time. And these will always be the last 15 sessions. For example, on the 16th practice session this graph eliminates the bar for practice session #1, thus creating room for the newest session.

F> RETURN TO BLUE MASTER DISK
Use this letter to return to your lessons.

Workbook

Comprehension—an explanation

Briefly, comprehension means the ability to understand. And no one would deny that reading, at any speed, would be wasteful and less than useless if it did not include comprehension. In fact, it would be more like "looking" than reading.

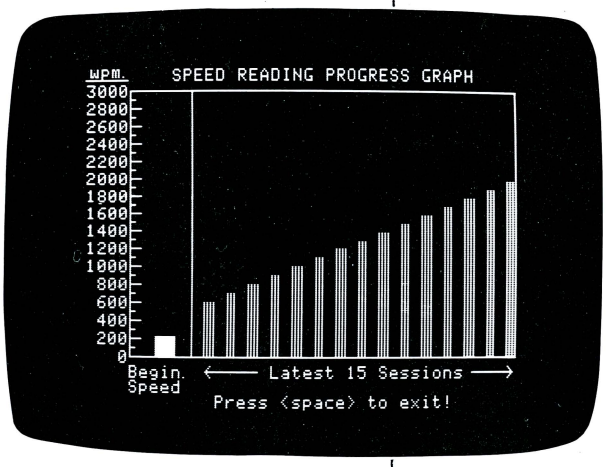
The comprehension you achieve from your reading depends on certain basics.

1. **Vocabulary.** You must have a working knowledge of the vocabulary used in the material you read. For example, if you know nothing about Chemistry and attempt to read a book or article on the subject, you won't comprehend much because it uses words and terms which are specific to Chemistry. Your position would be similar to trying to read a text written in Latin, when you know nothing about the language.

   By the same token, if you are fairly well read with a good, general vocabulary base you will have little problem reading and comprehending almost any general materials.

2. **Spelling.** The better you spell, the faster you can read and comprehend, as you won't be side tracked, wondering "what does that word mean?"

3. **Reading speed.** This may come as a surprise, but how fast you read has an important impact upon your degree of comprehension. Think about it for a moment and you'll see that slow reading creates many barriers to understanding. You tend to day dream, your attention wanders, you become distracted. As a result, you forget what you've read before you have time to connect the ideas and thoughts, and your comprehension of the material ends up minimal.



Bar charts automatically keep track of your progress.

If your comprehension has been 60% (or 70%, 80% etc.) with your old way of reading, you can certainly look for improvement once you're an accomplished super speed reader. However, to increase it dramatically, look to the points above and take any action necessary.

Speed = Understanding

You're in for a marvelous experience as a super speed reader. Things will happen that seem almost miraculous. First, of course, you'll cover your reading materials in far less time. Second, you'll have better comprehension than you had at your old, slower speeds. Why? Glad you asked.

You see, when you read fast you turn off all outside interference and you become completely absorbed. Fast reading also fuses the meaning of words together—so the ideas behind the words become more vivid. In truth, your reading becomes almost as "visual" (in your mind) as television, with far greater emotional impact than ever experienced by a slow reader.

As a result, your comprehension is more complete and your retention is greater. What more could you ask for?!

Testing

At various times you may feel more secure by testing your comprehension. For that reason we have included printed story text at ends of sections 2, 4 and 5. There are questions and answers included in the 4th and 5th sections. In addition, there is more printed story text and questions immediately following the Tom Sawyer exercise mentioned below.

As you have been working with Tom Sawyer on the disks, you may wish to test your comprehension of computer reading. If so, do the following:

A. Go to PACER & PRACTICE PAGES on the GREEN disk.

B. Make your selections as to number of arrows on the pacer, your current reading speed, lettering style etc.

C. Press the letter E> until it shows pages 101-120.

When you are ready, press the space bar and start reading pages 101 to 120 on the screen. When you are finished, try the questions on the following page.

Tom Sawyer Questions

For pages 101-120 on the GREEN Disk

1. What was Huck going to get rid of?_____

2. What should you do at the rotten stump?

   _____

3. After you put blood on one piece of the bean, what do you do?

   a. bury it
   b. take it to the witch
   c. eat it at midnight

4. Another way to get a cure was to use a:

   a. dead dog
   b. dead pig
   c. dead cat

5. Where was Huck's Pap when he broke his arm?

   a. on the shed
   b. in a bar
   c. in the woods

6. How was Huck to let Tom know he was outside his window?

   a. throw pebbles
   b. meow
   c. give an Indian yell

7. What did Tom give for the tick?

   a. a dollar
   b. a penknife
   c. a tooth

8. Where did Tom keep the tick?

   _____

9. Why did the schoolmaster switch Tom?

   _____

10. How did Tom get Becky Thatcher's attention?

    _____

11. Tom wrote something on his slate for Becky? What did he write?

    _____

Answers

1. Warts
2. Jam your hand into the stump
3. Bury it
4. Cat
5. On the shed
6. Meow
7. His tooth
8. Inside a percussion-cap box
9. Because he admitted talking to Huckleberry Finn
10. He gave her a peach, and also drew pictures on his slate.
11. He wrote "I love you".
12 During the spelling class he didn't even know how to spell the "baby words".
13. He used a pin
14. That the tick had to be on the boy's side of the slate before it could be played with.
15. Because Tom poked the tick when it was on Joe's side of the slate.

12. How did Tom lose the pewter medal he had worn for months?

13. What did Tom use to tease the tick with?

14. Tom draw a line down the middle of Joe's slate. What did it mean?

15. Why did Tom and Joe Harper argue?

BLACK BEAUTY
Full line comprehension

Despite the fact that we're in the computer age, your major reading for the forseeable future will consist of words written on paper rather than appearing on a computer screen.

For that reason we've included many pages of story text on the following pages for you to read, enjoy and to use to test your comprehension, with the full line techniques.

The text is presented in 2 different formats. First, there are four columns of the story printed in a Newspaper width. Second, there are several chapters of the story printed in book width.

When you wish to test your full-line reading skills and comprehension, read this new text at your latest speed. Work with the type of Pacer you are currently using.

When you complete the Newspaper format text, you will find several questions to answer. When you complete the Book version of the story, you will also find questions to answer. Answer the Quiz Questions and grade yourself.

Read the story material provided with this manual and test your own comprehension.

Story Background

Usually, when you approach the reading of a new book, you know something about it – from the picture and title on the front cover, from information on the inside leaves of its dust jacket, from an introduction or preface at the start of the book, and certainly from the Contents pages. All of this material is of value, as it pre-familiarizes you with what to expect in your reading and the tone of the story. With such understanding you will be able to read the same material faster than if you just read it "cold".

As you do not have this book in front of you, let us give you a little background about it before you attempt your exercise.

The story is called *BLACK BEAUTY*. It is an autobiography of a horse—the story of the horse's life, told as if he had written the book. The story takes place in England in the 1800's (which is a clue that some words may be unfamiliar because they are the "King's English"). It gives you the viewpoint of how a horse may live and feel, why horses may act as they do to kind or unkind treatment. It is a warm hearted story, filled with adventure and suspense. It will cause you to both laugh and cry.

BLACK BEAUTY is considered a classic story and a total joy to read by children and adults.

Black Beauty

The newspaper columns have a total of approx. 1450 words.

Chapter 1

The first place that I can remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a plantation of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

While I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the plantation.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me. They were older than I was and some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun. We used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and, of course, they have not learned manners. You have been well bred and well born. Your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races. Your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways. Just do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice. I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. He spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him, at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie. Then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light carriage.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called "fun with the colts", throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field. But, he was there, watching what was going on. Over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first

time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There—take your money and go home. I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

Chapter 2

I was two years old when a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring. There had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the plantations and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, "there are the hounds!" and immediately cantered off. He was followed by the rest of us to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master's were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

"They have found a hare," said my mother, "and if they come this way we shall see the hunt."

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a "yo yo, o,o! yo! yo, o, o!" at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them in green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horse snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them. But they were soon away into the fields lower down, Here it seemed as if they had come to a stand, as the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with noses to the ground.

"They have lost the scent," said the old horse, "perhaps the hare will get off."

"What hare?" I said.

"Oh! I don't know what hare. Likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the plantation. Any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after". And before long the dogs began their "yo! yo, o, o!" again, and back they came all together at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

"Now we shall see the hare," said my mother. And just then a hare wild with fright rushed by, and made for the plantation. On came the dogs. They burst over the bank, leaped the stream, and came dashing across the field, followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence. It was too thick, and she turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late. The dogs were upon her with their wild cries. We heard one shriek, and that was the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg, torn and bleeding, and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased.

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook. But when I did look, there was a sad sight. Two fine horses were down, one was struggling in the stream, and the other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud, the other lay quite still.

"His neck is broken," said my mother.

"And serves him right, too," said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

"Well! no," she said, "you must not say that. Though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport. They often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses.

Black Beauty

Test Questions
Newspaper Format

1. What relative of Black Beauty's won the cup at the Newmarket Races?

   a. His father
   b. His brother
   c. His grandfather

2. The master called Black Beauty's mother "Pet". What was her real name?

   a. Duchess
   b. Queenie
   c. Angel

3. What did Dick the plowboy throw at the horses?

   a. Apples
   b. Sticks and stones
   c. Mud

4. What did the master do to Dick for hurting the colts?

   _____

5. Why were the hounds barking?

   _____

6. What color coats were some of the horsemen wearing?

   a. Blue
   b. Plaid
   c. Green

7. Two riders were thrown from their horses. What happened to them?

   _____

Answers

1. c. His grandfather
2. a. Duchess
3. b. Sticks and stones
4. The master boxed (slapped) Dick on the ear, and he fired him
5. They were chasing a hare (rabbit).
6. c. Green coats
7. One got wet and muddy, the other broke his neck.

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Chapter 1

The first place that I can remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a plantation of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

While I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the plantation.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me. They were older than I was and some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun. We used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and, of course, they have not learned manners. You have been well bred and well born. Your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races. Your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways. Just do your work with a good

will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice. I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. He spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him, at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie. Then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light carriage.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called "fun with the colts", throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field. But, he was there, watching what was going on. Over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There—take your money and go home. I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

Chapter 2

I was two years old when a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring. There had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the plantations and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, "there are the hounds!" and immediately cantered off. He was followed by the rest of us to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master's were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

"They have found a hare," said my mother, "and if they come this way we shall see the hunt."

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a "yo yo, o,o! yo! yo, o, o!" at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them in green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horse snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them. But they were soon away into the fields lower down, Here it seemed as if they had come to a stand, as the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with noses to the ground.

"They have lost the scent," said the old horse, "perhaps the hare will get off."

"What hare?" I said.

"Oh! I don't know what hare. Likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the plantation. Any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after". And before long the

dogs began their "yo! yo, o, o!" again, and back they came all together at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

"Now we shall see the hare," said my mother. And just then a hare wild with fright rushed by, and made for the plantation. On came the dogs. They burst over the bank, leaped the stream, and came dashing across the field, followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence. It was too thick, and she turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late. The dogs were upon her with their wild cries. We heard one shriek, and that was the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg, torn and bleeding, and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased.

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook. But when I did look, there was a sad sight. Two fine horses were down, one was struggling in the stream, and the other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud, the other lay quite still.

"His neck is broken," said my mother.

"And serves him right, too," said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

"Well! no," she said, "you must not say that. Though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport. They often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses, and tear up the fields, and all for a hare or a fox, or a deer that they could get more easily some other way. But we are only horses, and don't know."

While my mother was saying this, we stood and looked on. Many of the riders had gone to the young man. But, my master, who had been watching what was going on, was the first to

raise him. His head fell back and his arms hung down, and everyone looked very serious. There was no noise now. Even the dogs were quiet and seemed to know that something was wrong. They carried him to our master's house. I heard afterwards that it was young George Gordon, the squire's only son, a fine, tall young man, and the pride of his family.

They now went riding off in all directions—to the doctor's, and no doubt to Squire Gordon's, to let him know about his son. When Mr. Bond, the veterinarian came to look at the black horse that lay groaning on the grass, he felt him all over, and shook his head. One of his legs was broken. Then someone ran to our master's house and came back with a gun. Presently there was a loud bang and a dreadful shriek, and then all was still. The black horse moves no more.

My mother seemed much troubled. She said she had known that horse for years and that his name was "Rob Roy". He was a good, bold horse, and there was no vice in him. She never would go to that part of the field afterwards.

Not many days after, we heard the church bell tolling for a long time. And looking over the gate we saw a long, strange black coach that was covered with black cloth and was drawn by black horses. After that came another and another and another, and all were black, while the bell kept ringing, ringing. They were carrying young Gordon to the churchyard to bury him. He would never ride again. What they did with Rob Roy I never knew, but it all happened just for one little hare.

Chapter 3

I was now beginning to grow handsomer. My coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome so my master would not sell me till I was four years

old. He said boys ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses until they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs. He felt them all down and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him. He seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like to be frightened or hurt. And he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Everyone may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle and to carry a man, woman, or child on his back—to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still while they are put on. Then he has to learn to have a cart behind him so he can walk or trot and drag it after him. And he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own. He must always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is, when his harness is once on, he may not jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had of course long been used to a halter and a headstall, and to be led about in the field and lanes quiety. But now I was to have a bit and a bridle. My master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing, he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed. But it was a nasty thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels. A great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed in your mouth, between your teeth and over your tongue. The ends come out at the corners of your mouth, and are held fast there by straps over your head. They go under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin, so

there's no way in the world you can get rid of the nasty hard thing. It is very bad! Yes, very bad! At least I thought so. But I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up. And so, what with the nice oats, and with my master's pats, kind words and gentle way, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, while old Daniel held my head. He then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time. Then I had a few oats, then a little leading about, and this he did every day until I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length, one morning my master got on my back and rode me around the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel odd, but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little everyday I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes. That, too, was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge, to see that I was not hurt or got frightened. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs till he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot, and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy but in time I got used to it.

And now having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness. There were more new things to wear. First, a stiff heavy collar just on my neck and a bridle with great side-pieces against my eyes called blinkers. And blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me. Next there was the crupper—a small saddle with a nasty stiff strap that went right under my tail. I hated the crupper—to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap

was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking, but of course I could not kick such a good master. And so in time I got used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me to a neighboring farmer's for two weeks. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in among them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the fence which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound in the distance. And before I knew it—with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing of smoke—a long, black train flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw a breath. I turned and galloped to the further side of the meadow as fast as I could go and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly. These drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the great, black, frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace. But as I discovered this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it. And very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restless at the sight or sound of a steam engine. But thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at a railway station as in my own stable. Now if anyone wants to break in a young horse, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved,

the better I should be treated. And that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master. "But," she said, "there are a great many kinds of men. There are good, thoughtful men like our master that any horse may be proud to serve. But there are bad, cruel men, who never should have a horse or dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men—vain, ignorant and careless who never think. These ruin more horses than all the rest, just for want of common sense. They don't mean it, but they do it for all of that. I hope you will fall into good hands, but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him. It is all chance for us, but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

Chapter 4

At this time I used to stand in the stable, and my coat was brushed every day until it shone like a bird's wing. It was early in May, when a man came from Squire Gordon's, who took me away to the Hall. My master said, "Good-by, Darkie. Be a good horse, and always do your best." I could not say "good-by," so I put my nose into his hand. He patted me kindly, and I left my first home. As I lived some years with Squire Gordon, I may as well tell something about the place.

Squire Gordon's Park skirted the village of Birtwick. It was entered by a large iron gate, at which stood the first lodge, and then you trotted along on a smooth road between clumps of large old trees. Then another lodge and another gate, which brought you to the house and the gardens. Beyond this lay the home paddock, the old orchard, and the stables. There was accommodation for many horses and carriages. But I need only describe the stable into which I was taken. This was very roomy, with four good stalls. A large swinging window opened into the yard, which made it pleasant and airy.

The first stall was a large square one, shut in behind with a wooden gate. The others were common stalls. Good stalls, but not nearly so large. It had a low rack for hay and a low manger for corn. It was called a loose box, because the horse that was put into it was not tied up, but left loose, to do as he liked. It is a great thing to have a loose box.

The groom put me into this fine box. It was clean, sweet, and airy. I never was in a better box than that, and the sides were not too high—so I could see all that went on through the iron rails that were at the top.

The groom gave me some very nice oats, he patted me, spoke kindly, and then went away.

When I had eaten my corn I looked around. In the stall next to mine stood a little, fat, gray pony with a thick mane and tail, a very pretty head, and a pert little nose.

I put my head up to the iron rails at the top of my box and said, "How do you do? What is your name?"

He turned around as far as his halter would let him, held up his head, and said, "My name is Merrylegs. I am very handsome. I carry the young ladies on my back, and sometimes I take our mistress out in the low chair. They think a great deal of me, and so does James. Are you going to live next door to me in the box?"

I said, "Yes."

"Well, then," he said, "I hope you are good-tempered. I do not like anyone next door who bites."

Just then a horse's head looked over from the stall beyond. The ears were laid back, and the eye looked rather ill-tempered. This was a tall, chestnut mare, with a long, handsome neck. She looked across to me and said:

"So it is you who have turned me out of my box. It is a very strange thing for a colt like you to come and turn a lady out of her own home."

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I have turned no one out. The

man who brought me put me in here and I had nothing to do with it. And as to my being a colt, I am four years old and am a grown-up horse. I never had words yet with horse or mare, and it is my wish to live at peace."

"Well," she said, "we shall see. Of course I do not want to have words with a young thing like you." I said no more.

In the afternoon when she went out, Merrylegs told me all about it.

"The thing is this," said Merrylegs, "Ginger has a bad habit of biting and snapping. That is why they call her Ginger. And when she was in the loose box she used to snap very much. One day she bit James in the arm and made it bleed. And so, Miss Flora and Miss Jessie, who are very fond of me, were afraid to come into the stable. They used to bring me nice things to eat—an apple or a carrot, or a piece of bread. But after Ginger stood in that box they dared not come, and I missed them very much. I hope they now come again, if you do not bite or snap."

I told him I never bit anything but grass, hay and corn, and could not think what pleasure Ginger found it.

"Well, I don't think she does find pleasure," said Merrylegs. "It is just a bad habit. She says no one was ever kind to her, and why should she not bite? Of course it is a very bad habit, but I am sure, if all she says is true, she must have been very ill-used before she came here. John does all he can to please her, and James does all he can. And our master never uses a whip if a horse acts right. So I think she might be good-tempered here. You see," he said with a wise look, "I am twelve years old. I know a great deal, and I can tell you, there is not a better place for a horse all around the country than this. John is the best groom that ever was. He has been here fourteen years. And you never saw such a kind boy as James. So that shows it's all Ginger's fault that she did not get to stay in the box."

Chapter 5

The name of the coachman was John Manly. He had a wife and one little child, and they lived in the coachman's cottage, very near the stables.

The next morning he took me into the yard and gave me a good grooming. And just as I was going into my box, with my coat soft and bright, the Squire came in to look at me, and seemed pleased. "John", he said, "I meant to have tried the new horse this morning, but I have other business. You may as well take him around after breakfast. Go by the common and the Highwood, and back by the water mill and the river. That will show his paces."

"I will, sir," said John. After breakfast he came and fitted me with a bridle. He was very particular in letting out and taking in the straps to fit my head comfortably. Then he brought a saddle, but it was not broad enough for my back. He saw it in a minute and went for another which fitted nicely. He rode me first slowly, then a trot, then a canter. When we were on the common he gave me a light touch with his whip, and we had a splendid gallop.

"Ho, ho! my boy." he said, as he pulled me up. "you would like to follow the hounds, I think."

As we came back through the Park we met the Squire and Mrs. Gordon walking. They stopped and John jumped off.

"Well, John, how does he go?"

"First-rate, sir," answered John, "he is as fleet as a deer, and has fine spirit too. The lightest touch of the rein will guide him. Down at the end of the common we met one of those traveling carts hung all over with baskets, rugs and such like. You know, sir, many horses will not pass those carts quietly. He just took a good look at it, and then went on as quiet and pleasant as could be. They were shooting rabbits near the Highwood, and a gun

went off close by. He pulled up a little and looked, but did not stir a step to right or left. I just held the rein steady and did not hurry him, and it's my opinion he has not been frightened or ill-used while he was young."

"That's well," said the Squire. "I will try him myself tomorrow."

The next day I was brought up for my master. I remembered my mother's counsel and my good old master's, and I tried to do exactly what he wanted me to do. I found he was a very good rider, and thoughtful for his horse too. When he came home, the lady was at the hall door as he rode up.

"Well, my dear," she said, "how do you like him?"

"He is exactly what John said," he replied. "A pleasanter creature I never wish to mount. What shall we call him?"

"Would you like Ebony?" said she. "He is as black as ebony."

"No, not Ebony."

"Will you call him Blackbird, like your uncle's old horse?"

"No, he is far handsomer than old Blackbird ever was."

"Yes," she said, "he is really quite a beauty, and he has such a sweet, good-tempered face and such a fine, intelligent eye—what do you say to calling him Black Beauty?"

"Black Beauty—why yes, I think that is a very good name. If you like, it shall be his name." And so it was.

When John went into the stable, he told James that master and mistress had chosen a good sensible English name for me, that meant something; not like Marengo, or Pegasus, or Abdallah. They both laughed, and James said, "If it was not for bringing back the past, I should have named him Rob Roy, for I never saw two horses more alike."

"That's no wonder," said John, "didn't you know that Farmer Grey's old Duchess was the mother of them both?" I had never heard of that before, and so poor Rob Roy who was killed at that hunt was my brother! I did not wonder that my mother was so troubled. It seems that horses have no relations.

At least, they never know each other after they are sold.

John seemed very proud of me. He used to make my mane and tail almost as smooth as a lady's hair, and he would talk to me a great deal. Of course, I did not understand all he said, but I learned more and more to know what he MEANT, and what he wanted me to do. I grew very fond of him. He was so gentle and kind. He seemed to know just how a horse feels, and when he cleaned me, he knew the tender places, and the ticklish places. When he brushed my head, he went as carefully over my eyes as if they were his own, and never stirred up any ill temper.

James Howard, the stable boy, was just as gentle and pleasant in his way, so I thought myself well off. There was another man who helped in the yard, but he had very little to do with Ginger and me.

A few days after this I had to go out with Ginger in the carriage. I wondered how we should get on together. But except for laying her ears back when I was led up to her, she behaved very well. She did her work honestly, and did her full share, and I never wish to have a better partner in double harness. When we came to a hill, instead of slackening her pace, she would throw her weight right into the collar, and pull straight up. We both had the same sort of courage at our work, and John had oftener to hold us in than to urge us forward. He never had to use the whip with either of us. Our paces were much the same, and I found it very easy to keep step with her when trotting, which made it pleasant. Master always liked it when we kept step well, and so did John. After we had been out two or three times together we grew quite friendly and sociable, which made me feel very much at home.

As for Merrylegs, he and I soon became good friends. He was such a cheerful, plucky, good tempered little fellow that he was a favorite with everyone, and especially with Miss Jessie and Flora, who used to ride him about in the orchard, and have fine games with him and their little dog Frisky.

Our master had two other horses that stood in another stable. One was Justice, a roan cob, used for riding, or for the luggage cart. The other was an old brown hunter, named Sir Oliver. He was past work now, but was a great favorite with the master, who gave him the run of the Park. He sometimes did a little light carting on the estate, or carried one of the young ladies when they rode out with their father, for he was very gentle and could be trusted with a child as well as Merrylegs. The cob was a strong, and well-made, good tempered horse, and we sometimes had a little chat in the paddock, but of course I could not be so intimate with him as with Ginger, who stood in the same stable.

Chapter 6

I was quite happy in my new place, and if there was one thing that I missed, it must not be thought I was discontented. All who had to do with me were good, and I had a light, airy stable and the best of food. What more could I want? Why, liberty! For three years and a half of my life I had had all the liberty I could wish for. But now, week after week, month after month, and no doubt year after year, I must stand up in a stable night and day except when I am wanted. And then I must be just as steady and quiet as any old horse who has worked twenty years. Straps here and straps there, a bit in my mouth, and blinkers over my eyes. Now, I am not complaining, for I know it must be so. I only mean to say that for a young horse full of strength and spirits who has been used to some large field or plain, where he can fling up his head and toss up his tail and gallop away at full speed, then round and back again with a snort to his companionsI say it is hard never to have a bit more liberty to do as you like. Sometimes, when I have had less exercise than usual, I have felt so full of life and spring that

when John has taken me out to exercise I really could not keep quiet. Do what I would, it seemed as if I must jump, or dance, or prance, and many a good shake I know I must have given him, especially at the first. But he was always good and patient.

"Steady, steady, my boy," he would say. "Wait a bit, and we'll have a good swing, and soon get the tickle out of your feet." Then as soon as we were out of the village, he would give me a few miles at a spanking trot, and then bring me back as fresh as before, only clear of the fidgets, as he called them. Spirited horses, when not enough exercised, are often called skittish, when it is only play. Some grooms will punish them but our John did not. He knew it was only high spirits. Still, he had his own ways of making me understand by the tone of his voice or the touch of the rein. If he was very serious and quite determined, I always knew it by his voice, and that had more power with me than anything else, for I was very fond of him.

I ought to say that sometimes we had our liberty for a few hours. This used to be on fine Sundays in the summertime. The carriage never went out on Sundays, because the church was not far off. It was a great treat to us to be turned out into the home paddock or the old orchard. The grass was so cold and soft to our feet, the air so sweet, and the freedom to do as we liked was so pleasant—to gallop, to lie down, and roll over on our backs, or to nibble the sweet grass. Then it was a very good time for talking, as we stood together under the shade of the large chestnut tree.

Chapter 7

One day when Ginger and I were standing alone in the shade we had a great deal of talk. She wanted to know all about my bringing up and breaking in, and I told her.

"Well," said she, "if I had had your bringing up I might have had as good a temper as you, but now I don't believe I ever

shall."

"Why not?" I said.

"Because it has been all so different with me," she replied. " I never had anyone, horse or man, that was kind to me, or that I cared to please. In the first place I was taken from my mother as soon as I was weaned and put with a lot of other young colts. None of them cared for me, and I cared for none of them. There was no kind master like yours to look after me, and talk to me, and bring me nice things to eat. The man that had the care of us never gave me a kind word in my life. I do not mean that he ill-used me, but he did not care for us one bit further than to see that we had plenty to eat and shelter in the winter. A footpath ran through our field, and very often the great boys passing through would fling stones to make us gallop. I was never hit, but one fine young colt was badly cut in the face, and I should think it would be a scar for life. We did not care for them, but of course it made us more wild, and we settled it in our minds that boys were our enemies. We had very good fun in the free meadows, galloping up and down and chasing each other round and round the field, then standing still under the shade of the trees.

But when it came to breaking in, that was a bad time for me. Several men came to catch me, and when at last they closed me in at one corner of the field, one caught me by the forelock, another caught me by the nose and held it so tight I could hardly draw my breath. Then another took my underjaw in his hard hand and wrenched my mouth open, and so by force they got on the halter and the bar into my mouth. Then one dragged me along by the halter, another flogging behind, and this was the first experience I had of men's kindness, It was all force. They did not give me a chance to know what they wanted. I was highbred and had a good deal of spirit, and was very wild, no doubt, and gave them, I dare say, plenty of trouble. But then it was dreadful to be shut up in a stall day after day instead of

having my liberty, and I fretted and pined and wanted to get loose. You know yourself it's bad enough when you have a kind master and plenty of coaxing, but there was nothing of that sort for me.

"There was one—the old master, Mr. Ryder—who I think could soon have brought me around, and could have done anything with me. But he had given up the hard part of the trade to his son and to another experienced man, and he only came at times to oversee. His son was a strong, tall, bold man. They called him Samson, and he used to boast that he had never found a horse that could throw him. There was no gentleness in him as there was in his father, but only hardness, a hard voice, a hard eye, a hard hand, and I felt from the first that what he wanted was to wear all the spirit out of me, and just make me into a quiet, humble, obedient piece of horseflesh. "Horseflesh! Yes, that is all that he thought about," and Ginger stamped her foot as if the very thought of him made her angry. And she went on, "If I did not do exactly what he wanted, he would get put out, and make me run round with that long rein in the training field till he had tired me out. I think he drank a good deal, and I am quite sure that the oftener he drank the worse it was for me.

One day he had worked me hard in every way he could, and when I lay down I was tired and miserable and angry. It all seemed so hard. The next morning he came for me early, and ran me round again for a long time. I had scarcely had an hour's rest, when he came again for me with a saddle and bridle and a new kind of bit. I could never quite tell how it came about. He had only just mounted me on the training ground, when something I did put him out of temper, and he chucked me hard with the rein. The new bit was very painful, and I reared up suddenly, which angered him still more, and he began to flog me. I felt my whole spirit set against him, and I began to kick, and plunge, and rear as I had never done before, and we

had a regular fight. For a long time he stuck in the saddle and punished me cruely with his whip and spurs, but my blood was thoroughly up, and I cared for nothing he could do if only I could get him off. At last, after a terrible struggle, I threw him off backwards. I heard him fall heavily on the turf, and without looking behind me, I galloped off to the other end of the field. There I turned around and saw my persecutor slowly rising from the ground and going into the stable. I stood under an oak tree and watched, but no one came to catch me. The time went on, the sun was very hot, the flies swarmed round me and settled on my bleeding flanks where the spurs had dug in. I felt hungry, for I had not eaten since the early morning, but there was not enough grass in that meadow for a goose to live on. I wanted to lie down and rest, but with the saddle strapped tightly on, there was no comfort, and there was not a drop of water to drink. The afternoon wore on and the sun got low. I saw the other colts led in and I knew they were having a good feed.

"At last, just as the sun went down, I saw the old master come out with a sieve in his hand. He was a very fine old gentleman with quite white hair, but his voice was what I should know him by among a thousand. It was not high, nor yet low, but full, and clear, and kind, and when he gave orders it was so steady and decided that everyone knew, both horses and men, that he expected to be obeyed. He came quietly along, now and then shaking the oats about that he had in the sieve, and speaking cheerfully and gently to me, 'Come along, lassie, come along, lassie. Come along, come along.' I stood still and let him come up. He held the oats out to me and I began to eat without fear. His voice took all my fear away. He stood by, patting and stroking me while I was eating, and seeing the clots of blood on my side he seemed very vexed. 'Poor lassie! it was a bad business, a bad business!' then he quietly took the rein and led me to the stable. Just at the door stood Samson. I laid my

ears back and snapped at him. 'Stand back,' said the master, 'and keep out of her way. You've done a bad day's work for this filly.' He growled something about a vicious brute. 'Hark ye,' said the father, 'a bad-tempered man will never make a good-tempered horse. You've not learned your trade yet, Samson.' Then he led me into my box, took off the saddle and bridle with his own hands, and tied me up. Then he called for a pail of warm water and a sponge and took off his coat. And while the stable man held the pail, he sponged my sides a good while, so tenderly that I was sure he knew how sore and bruised they were.

'Whoa! my pretty one,' he said, 'stand still, stand still.' His very voice did me good, and the bathing was very comfortable. The skin was so broken at the corners of my mouth that I could not eat the hay, the stalks hurt me. He looked closely at it, shook his head, and told the man to fetch a good bran mash and put some meal into it. How good that mash was! and so soft and healing to my mouth. He stood by all the time I was eating, stroking me and talking to the man. 'If a high-mettled creature like this,' said he, 'can't be broken in by fair means, she will never be good for anything.'

"After that he often came to see me, and when my mouth was healed, the other breaker, Job, they call him, went on training me. He was steady and thoughtful, and I soon learned what he wanted."

Chapter 8

The next time that Ginger and I were together in the paddock, she told me about her first place.

"After my breaking in," she said, "I was bought by a dealer to match another chestnut horse. For some weeks he drove us together, and then we were sold to a fashionable gentleman, and were sent up to London. I had been driven with a bearing

rein by the dealer, and I hated it worse than anything else. But in this place we were reined far tighter, the coachman and his master thinking we looked more stylish. We were driven often in the park and other fashionable places. You who never had a bearing rein on don't know what it is, but I can tell you it is dreadful.

"I like to toss my head about and hold it as high as any horse. But, fancy this for yourself: if you tossed your head up high and were obliged to hold it there, hour after hour, and not able to move it at all! Your neck aches so much, until you don't know how to stand it. Besides that, to have two bits instead of one, and mine was a sharp one, it hurt my tongue and jaw. And the blood from my tongue colored my froth that kept flying from my lips, as I chafed and fretted at the bits and rein. It was worse when we had to stand by the hour waiting for our mistress at some grand party or entertainment. And, if I fretted or stamped with impatience the whip was laid on. It was enough to drive one mad."

"Did not your master take any thought for you?" I said.

"No," said she, "he only cared to have a stylish turnout, as they call it. I think he knew very little about horses. He left that to his coachman, who told him I had an irritable temper, and that I had not been well broken to the bearing rein, but that I should soon get used to it. But, he was not the man to do it. For when I was in the stable, miserable and angry, instead of being soothed and quieted by kindness, I got only a surly word or a blow. If he had been civil, I would have tried to bear it. I was willing to work, and ready to work hard too, but to be tormented for nothing but their fancies angered me. What right had they to make me suffer like that? Besides the soreness in my mouth and the pain in my neck, it always made my windpipe feel bad. If I had stayed there long I know it would have spoiled my breathing. I grew more and more restless and irritable. I could not help it and I began to snap and kick when

anyone came to harness me. For this the groom beat me. One day, as they had just buckled us into the carriage, and were straining my head up with that rein, I began to plunge and kick with all my might. I soon broke a lot of harness, and kicked myself clear. So, that was an end of that place.

"After this, I was sent to Tattersall's to be sold. Of course, I could not be guaranteed to be free of vice so nothing was said about that. My handsome appearance and good paces soon brought a gentleman to bid for me, and I was bought by another dealer. He tried me in all kinds of ways and with different bits and soon found out what I could bear. At last he drove me without a bearing rein and then sold me as a perfectly quiet horse to a gentleman in the country. He was a good master and I was getting on very well. But, his old groom left him and a new one came. This man was as hard-tempered and hard-handed as Samson. He always spoke in a rough, impatient voice and if I did not move in the stall the moment he wanted me, he would hit me above the hocks with his stable broom or the fork, whichever he might have in his hand. Everything he did was rough, and I began to hate him. He wanted to make me afraid of him, but I was too high-spirited for that. One day when he had aggravated me more than usual, I bit him. This of course put him in a great rage, and he began to hit me about the head with a riding whip. After that, he never dared to come into my stall again. as either my heels or my teeth were ready for him and he knew it. I was quiet with my master, but of course he listened to what the man said, and so I was sold again.

"The same dealer heard of me, and said he thought he knew of one place where I should do well. "Twas a pity', he said, 'that such a fine horse should go bad for want of a real good chance,' and the end of it was that I came here not long before you did. I had made up my mind that men were my natural enemies, and that I must defend myself. Of course it is very different here,

but who knows how long it will last? I wish I could think about things as you do, but I can't after all I have gone through."

"Well," I said, "I think it would be a real shame if you were to bite or kick John or James."

"I don't mean to," she said, "while they are good to me. I did bite James once pretty sharp, but John said, 'Try her with kindness,' and instead of punishing me as I expected, James came to me with his arm bound up, and brought me a bran mash and stroked me. I have never snapped at him since, and I won't either."

I was very sorry for Ginger, but of course I knew very little then, and I thought most likely she made the worst of it. However, I found that as the weeks went on, she grew much more gentle and cheerful, and had lost the watchful, defiant look that she used to turn on any strange person who came near her. One day James said, "I do believe that mare is getting fond of me. She quite whinnied after me this morning when I had been rubbing her forehead."

"Aye, aye, Jim, 'tis the Birtwick balls," said John, "she'll be as good as Black Beauty by and by. Kindness is all she wants, poor thing!" Master noticed the change too, and one day when he got out of the carriage and came to speak to us as he often did, he stroked her beautiful neck. "Well, my pretty one, well, how do things go with you now? You are a good bit happier than when you came to us, I think."

She put her nose up to him in a friendly, trustful way, while he rubbed it gently.

"We shall make a cure of her, John," he said.

"Yes, sir, she's wonderfully improved. She's not the same creature she was. That's the Birtwick balls, sir," said John laughing.

This was a little joke of John's. He used to say that a regular course of the Birtwick horseballs would cure almost any vicious horse. These balls, he said, were made up of patience

and gentleness, firmness and petting, one pound of each to be mixed up with a half pint of common sense, and given to the horse every day.

Chapter 9

The vicar, Mr. Blomefield, had a large family of boys and girls. Sometimes they used to come to Squire Gordon's and play with Miss Jessie and Flora. One of the girls was as old as Miss Jessie. Two of the boys were older, and there were several little ones. When they came, there was plenty of work for Merrylegs, for nothing pleased them so much as getting on him by turns and riding him all about the orchard and the home paddock. This they would do by the hour together.

One afternoon he had been out with them for a long time, and when James brought him in and put on his halter, he said:

"There, you rogue, mind how you behave yourself, or we shall get into trouble."

"What have you been doing, Merrylegs?" I asked.

"Oh!" said he, tossing his little head, " I have only been giving those young people a lesson. They did not know when they had had enough, nor when I had had enough, so I just pitched them off backwards. That was the only thing they could understand."

"What?" said I, "you threw the children off? I thought you did know better than that! Did you throw Miss Jessie or Miss Flora?"

He looked very much offended, and said:

"Of course not. I would not do such a thing for the best oats that ever came into the stable. Why, I am as careful of our young ladies as the master could be. As for the little ones, it is I who teach them to ride. When they seem frightened or a little unsteady on my back, I go as smooth and as quiet as old pussy when she is after a bird. When they are all right, I go on again

faster just to get them used to it. So, don't you trouble yourself preaching to me. I am the best riding master those children have. It is not them, it is the boys. Boys," said he, shaking his mane, "are quite different. They must be broken in, as we were broken in when we were colts, and have to be taught what's what. The other children had ridden me about for nearly two hours. Then, the boys thought it was their turn, and so it was, and I was quite agreeable.

They rode me by turns up and down the fields and all about the orchard for a good hour. They had each cut a great hazel stick for a riding whip, and laid it on a little too hard. I took it in good part, till at last I thought we had had enough, so I stopped two or three times by way of a hint. Boys, you see, think a horse or pony is like a steam engine or a thrashing machine, and can go on as long and as fast as they please. They never think that a pony can get tired, or have any feelings. So, as the one who was whipping me could not understand, I just rose up on my hind legs and let him slip off behind—that was all. He mounted me again, and I did the same. Then the other boy got up, and as soon as he began to use his stick I laid him on the grass, and so on, until they were able to understand. That was all. They are not bad boys. They don't wish to be cruel. I like them very well, but you see I had to give them a lesson. When they brought me to James and told him, I think he was very angry to see such big sticks. He said they were only fit for drovers or gypsies, and not for young gentlemen."

"If I had been you," said Ginger, "I would have given those boys a good kick, and that would have given them a lesson."

"No doubt you would," said Merrylegs, "but then I am not quite such a fool (begging your pardon) as to anger our master or make James ashamed of me. Besides, those children are under my charge when they are riding. I tell you they are intrusted to me. Why, only the other day I heard our master say to Mrs. Blomefield, 'My dear madam, you need not be anxious

about the children. My old Merrylegs will take as much care of them as you or I could. I assure you I would not sell that pony for any money. He is so perfectly good-tempered and trustworthy.' Do you think I am such an ungrateful brute as to forget all the kind treatment I have had here for five years, and all the trust they place in me, and turn vicious because a a couple of ignorant boys used me badly? No! no! you never had a good place where they were kind to you, and so you don't know, and I'm sorry for you, but I can tell you good places make good horses. I wouldn't vex our people for anything. I love them, I do," said Merrylegs, and he gave a low "ho, ho, ho," through his nose, as he used to do in the morning when he heard James's footstep at the door.

"Besides," he went on, "if I took to kicking, where should I be? Why, sold off in a jiffy. And I might find myself slaved about under a butcher's boy, or worked to death at some seaside place where no one cared for me, except to find out how fast I could go. Or I might be flogged along in some cart with three or four great men in it going out for a Sunday spree, as I have often seen in the place I lived in before I came here. No," said he, shaking his head, " I hope I shall never come to that."

Chapter 10

Ginger and I were not of the regular tall carriage horse breed. We had more of the racing blood in us. We stood about fifteen and a half hands high. We were therefore just as good for riding as we were for driving, and our master used to say that he disliked either horse or man that could do but one thing. As he did not want to show off in London parks, he preferred a more active and useful kind of horse. As for us, our greatest pleasure was when we were saddled for a riding party, the master on Ginger, the mistress on me, and the young ladies on

Sir Oliver and Merrylegs. It was so cheerful to be trotting and cantering all together that it always put us in high spirits. I had the best of it, for I carried the mistress. Her weight was little, her voice was sweet, and her hand was so light on the rein that I was guided almost without feeling it.

Oh! if people knew what a comfort to horses a light hand is, and how it keeps a good mouth and a good temper, they surely would not chuck, and drag, and pull at the rein as they often do. Our mouths are so tender that where they have not been spoiled and hardened with bad or ignorant treatment, they feel the slightest movement of the driver's hand, and we know in an instant what is required of us. My mouth had never been spoiled, and I believe that was why the mistress preferred me to Ginger, although her paces were certainly quite as good. Ginger envied me, and said it was all the fault of breaking in, and the gag bit in London, that her mouth was not so perfect as mine, And then Old Oliver would say, "There, there! don't vex yourself. You have the greatest honor. A mare that can carry a tall man of our master's weight, with all your spring and sprightly action, does not need to hold her head down because she does not carry the lady. We horses must take things as they come, and always be contented and willing so long as we are kindly used."

I had often wondered how it was that Sir Oliver had such a very short tail. It really was only six or seven inches long, with a tassel of hair hanging from it. On one of our holidays in the orchard I ventured to ask him by what accident it was that he had lost his tail. "Accident!" he snorted with a fierce look, "it was no accident! It was a cruel, shameful, cold-blooded act! When I was young I was taken to a place where these cruel things were done. I was tied up, and made fast so that I could not stir, and then they came and cut off my long, beautiful tail, through the flesh and through the bone, and took it away."

"How dreadful!" I exclaimed.

"Dreadful! ah! it was dreadful, but it was not only the pain, though that was terrible and lasted a long time. It wasn't only the shame of having my best ornament taken from me, though that was bad. But it was this: how could I ever brush the flies off my sides and my hind legs any more? You who have tails just whisk the flies without thinking about it. You can't imagine what a torment it is to have them settle upon you and sting and sting, and have nothing in the world to lash them off with. I tell you it is a lifelong wrong, and a lifelong loss. But thank Heaven! they don't do it now."

"What did they do it for then?" asked Ginger.

"For fashion!" said the old horse with a stamp of his foot, "for fashion!" if you know what that means. There was not a well-bred young horse in my time that missed having his tail docked in that shameful way, just as if the good God did not know what looked best."

"I suppose it is fashion that makes them strap our heads up with horrid bits that I was tortured with in London," said Ginger.

"Of course it is," said he. "To my mind, fashion is one of the wickedest things in the world. Now, look, for instance, at the way they mistreat their dogs. They cut off their tails to make them look plucky and shear up their little ears to a point to make them look sharp. I had a dear friend once, a brown terrier — 'Skye' they called her—and she was so fond of me that she never would sleep out of my stall. She made her bed under the manger, and there she had a litter of five puppies as pretty as can be. None were drowned, for they were a valuable kind. And how pleased she was with them. When they got their eyes open and crawled about, it was a real pretty sight. But one day the man came and took them all away. I thought he might be afraid I should step on them. But it was not so. In the evening poor Skye brought them back again, one by one in her mouth.

They were no longer the happy little things they had been. But they were bleeding and crying for they had all had a piece of their tails cut off, and the flap of their ears was cut off, too. How their mother licked them, and how troubled she was, poor thing! I never forgot it. They healed in time, and they forgot the pain. But the nice soft flap that of course was intended to protect the delicate part of their ears from dust was gone forever. Why don't they cut their children's ears into points to make them look sharp? Why don't they cut the end off their noses to make them look plucky? One would be just as sensible as the other. What right have they to torment and disfigure God's creatures?"

Sir Oliver, though he was so gentle, was a fiery old fellow. And what he said was all so new to me and so dreadful that I found a bitter feeling toward men rise up in my mind. Of course Ginger was much excited. She flung up her head with flashing eyes and distended nostrils, declaring that men were both brutes and blockheads.

"Who talks about blockheads?" said Merrylegs, who just came up from the old apple tree, where he had been rubbing himself against the low branch. "Who talks about blockheads? I believe that is a bad word."

"Bad words were made for bad things," said Ginger, and she told him what Sir Oliver had said. "It is all true," said Merrylegs sadly, "and I've seen that about the dogs over and over again where I lived before. But we don't talk about it here. You know that master, and John, and James are always good to us, and talking against men in such a place as this doesn't seem fair or grateful. And you know there are good masters and good grooms besides ours, though of course ours are the best." This wise speech of good little Merrylegs, which we knew was quite true, cooled us all down, especially Sir Oliver, who was dearly fond of his master. And to change the subject I said, "Can anyone tell me the use of blinkers?"

"No!" said Sir Oliver, "because they have no use."

"They are supposed," said Justice in his calm way, "to prevent horses from shying and starting, and getting so frightened as to cause accidents."

"Then what is the reason they do not put them on riding horses, especially on ladies' horses?" said I.

"There is no reason at all," said he quietly, "except the fashion. They say that a horse would be so frightened to see the wheels of his own cart or carriage coming behind him that he would be sure to run away. Of course when he is ridden, he sees them all about him in the crowded streets. I admit they do sometimes come too close to be pleasant, but we don't run away. We are used to it, and understand it, and if we never had blinkers put on, we should never need them. For we should see what was there, and know what was what, and be much less frightened than by only seeing bits of things that we can't understand."

Of course there may be some nervous horses who have been hurt or scared when they were young, and maybe they need them. But as I never was nervous I can't judge.

"I consider," said Sir Oliver, "that blinkers are dangerous things in the night. We horses can see much better in the dark than men can. And many an accident would never have happened if horses might have had the full use of their eyes. Some years ago, I remember, there was a hearse with two horses returning one dark night, and just by Farmer Sparrow's house, where the pond is by the road, the wheels went too near the edge. The hearse overturned into the water and both the horses were drowned and the driver barely escaped. Of course after this accident a stout white rail was put up that might be easily seen. But, if those horses had not been partly blinded, they would have stayed away from the edge, and no accident would have happened. When our master's carriage was overturned, before you came here, it was said that if the

lamp had not gone out, John would seen the big hole in the road. And so he might have. But, if old Colin had not had blinkers on, he would have seen it, lamp or no lamp. As it was, he was very much hurt, the carriage was broken, and how John escaped nobody knew."

"I should say," said Ginger, curling her nostril, "that these men, who are so wise, had better give orders that in the future all foals should be born with their eyes set just in the middle of their foreheads instead of on the side! Why do they always think they can improve upon Nature and mend what God has made?"

Things were getting rather sore again, when Merrylegs held up his knowing little face and said, "I'll tell you a secret: I believe John does not approve of the blinkers. I heard him talking with master about it one day. The master said that 'if horses had been used to them, it might be dangerous in some cases to leave them off.' And John said he thought it would be a good thing if all colts were broken in without blinkers, as was the case in some foreign countries. So let us cheer up and have a run to the other end of the orchard. I believe the wind has blown down some apples, and we might just as well eat them as the slugs."

Merrylegs could not be resisted. So we broke off our long conversation, and got up our spirits by munching some very sweet apples which lay scattered on the grass.

Black Beauty

Test Questions
Book Format

1. In the hunting accident, a horse broke his leg, and had to be shot. What was his name?

    a. Bobtail
    b. Rob Roy
    c. Roy Bob

2. Who was the father of the young rider who broke his neck?

    a. Squire Gordon
    b. Master
    c. Mr. Bond

3. How old was Black Beauty when the master decided to break him in?

    a. Two
    b. Four
    c. Five

4. What food was used to reward the horses being trained?

    a. Oats
    b. Barley
    c. Corn

5. What was the first thing the blacksmith did to prepare a horse for shoeing?

    _____

6. How did Black Beauty react the first time he heard and saw a train?

    _____

7. Why did the master put Black Beauty into harness with his mother rather than with a strange horse?

    _____

8. What kind of horse stall is a "loose box"?

    _____

9. Name the horse who had the stall next to the "loose box".

    _____

10. Name the tall, chestnut mare with the long neck who was angry that she was moved out of the "loose box" for Black Beauty.

    _____

11. Who was John Manly?

a. The coachman
b. The doctor
c. The groom

12. Black Beauty was surprised to learn he was related to Rob Roy. Was Rob Roy his:

a. Cousin
b. Uncle
c. Brother

13. When Black Beauty pulled the carriage he was paired with which other horse?

a. Ginger
b. Merrylegs
c. Justice

14. While Black Beauty was quite happy at the Squire's he still missed one thing a lot. What was it?

a. His mother
b. His liberty
c. His first saddle

15. What did "get the tickle out of your feet" mean to the groom?

_____

16. Why was Ginger so temperamental?

_____

17. What was the name of the mean trainer who boasted no horse could throw him, and hurt Ginger?

_____

18. How did Ginger's master calm her when she was hurt and frightened by that trainer?

_____

19. James was bitten once by one of the horses. Who did the biting?

_____

20. John joked about the "Birthwick Balls". What did he mean by that term?

_____

Black Beauty

21. What were the names of Squire Gordon's two young daughters?

_____

22. Which of the horses was usually the one to work with the young children?

_____

23. How did Merrylegs give the young Blomefield boys a lesson in how to treat a horse?

_____

24. What did Ginger say she would've done to the boys to teach them good behavior?

_____

25. Which horse did the mistress to ride?

    a. Black Beauty
    b. Sir Oliver
    c. Justice

_____

26. What happened to Sir Oliver's tail?

_____

27. What was the reason it was done to his tail?

_____

28. What was done to the small puppies who were born in Sir Oliver's stall?

_____

29. Why were blinkers used on the horses?

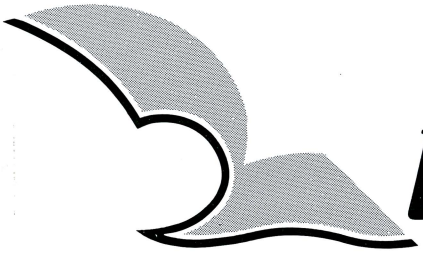
_____

30. Which horse always saw the brighter side of life?

_____

Answers

1. b. Rob Roy
2. a. Squire Gordon
3. b. Four
4. a. Oats
5. He cuts away part of the horse's hoof.
6. He was frightened and ran
7. Because he would learn better
8. A stall in which the horse was not tied up
9. Merrylegs
10. Ginger
11. a. The coachman
12. c. The brother
13. a. Ginger
14. b. His liberty
15. That the horse was restless and needed to run and exercise
16. She had been mistreated in the breaking in process
17. Samson
18. He gave her oats in a sieve, talked quiety and petted her
19. Ginger
20. He meant patience, gentleness, firmness, petting and common sense are needed in the treatment of a horse.
21. Miss Jessie and Miss Flora
22. Merrylegs
23. He rose up on his hind legs and let them slip off behind
24. By giving them a good kick
25. a. Black Beauty
26. It had been cut off
27. It was the fashion to give horses short tails
28. Their tails and ear flaps were cut off
29. They were supposed to stop horses from shying and getting frightened and so causing accidents.
30. Merrylegs



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